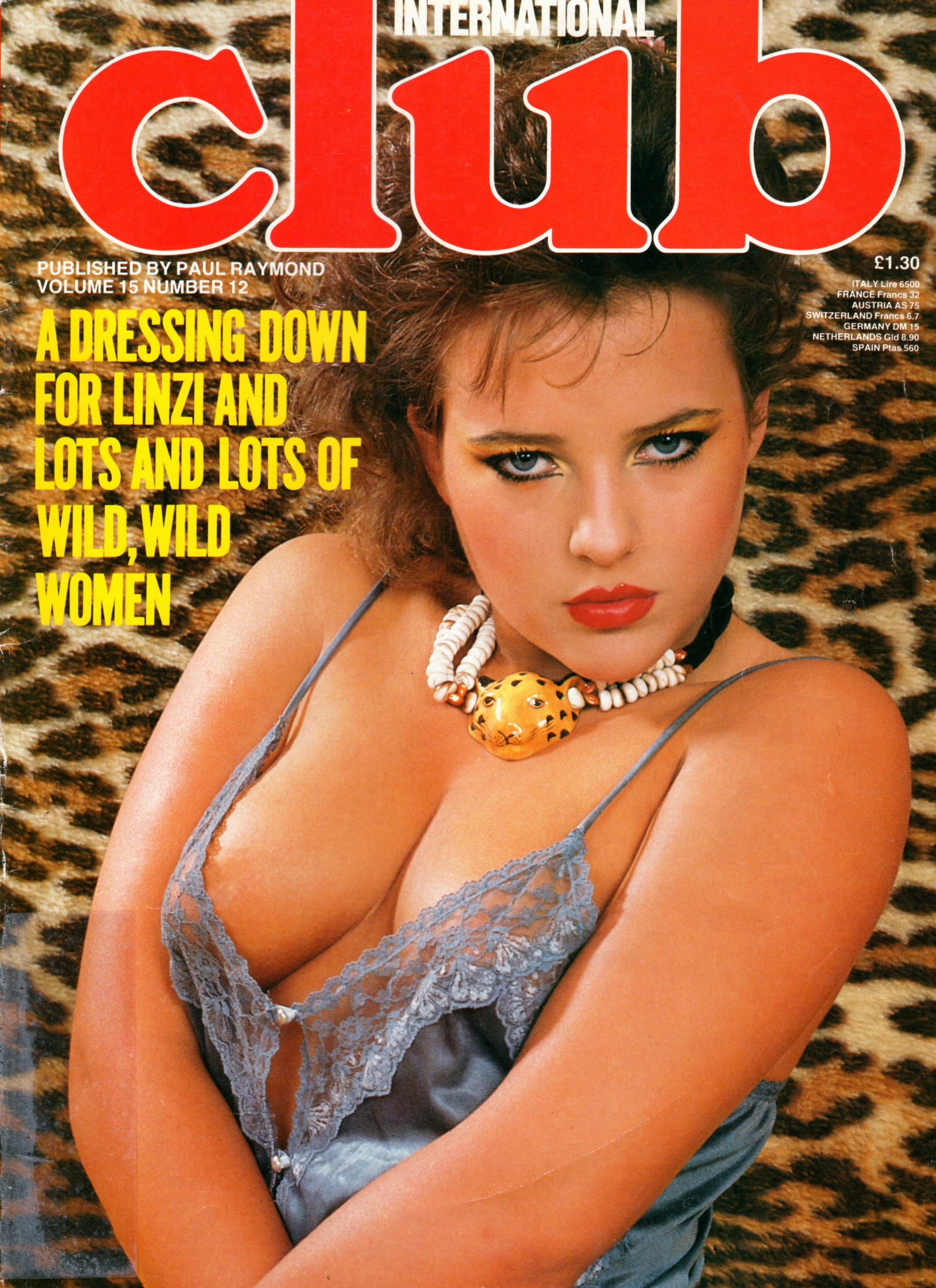
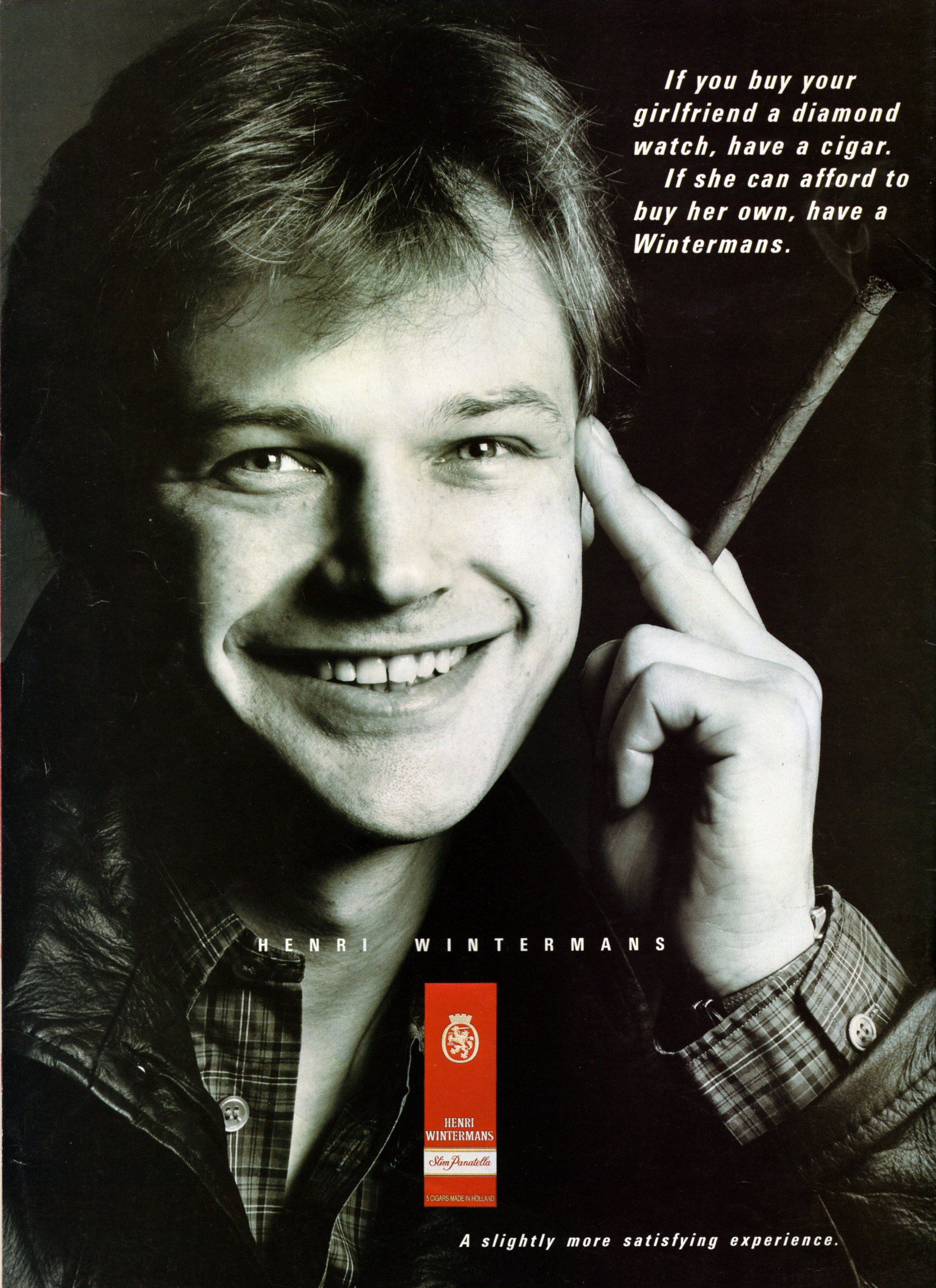

INTERNATIONAL
club
PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
VOLUME 15 NUMBER 12
£1.30
ITALY Lire 6500
FRANCE Francs 32
AUSTRIA AS 75
SWITZERLAND Francs 6.7
GERMANY DM 15
NETHERLANDS Gld 8.90
SPAIN Ptas 560
A DRESSING DOWN FOR LINZI AND LOTS AND LOTS OF WILD, WILD WOMEN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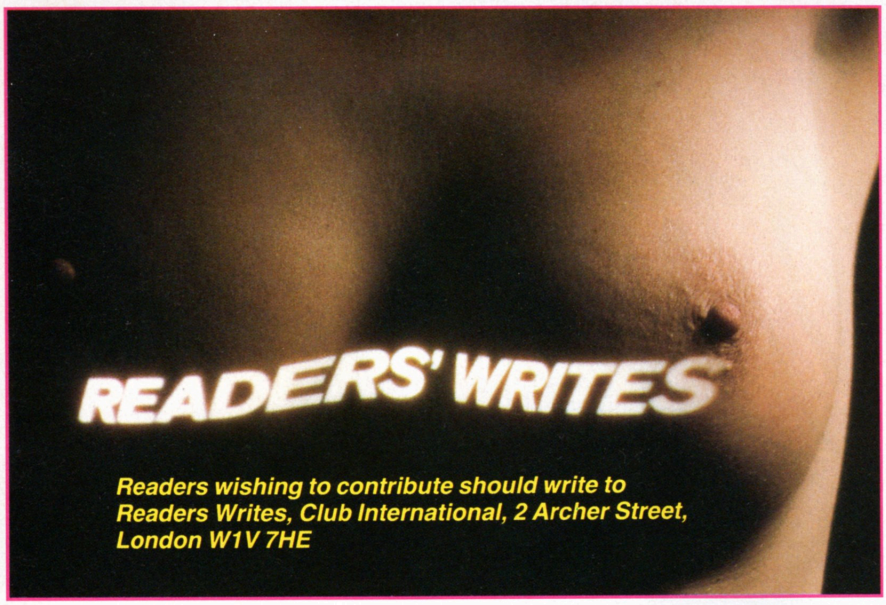
Publisher: Paul Raymond; **Editor:** David Dimmock; **Deputy Editor:** Chris Lloyd; **Assistant Editor:** Robert McCabe; **Art Director:** Ian Midson; **Assistant Art Editor:** Mitchell Davies; **Production Editor:** Nicholas Whittaker; **Advertisement Director:** James Macleod; **Classified Advertisements:** Angie Ellis; **Circulation Director:** Mike Stall; **Chief Executive and Legal Adviser:** Carl Snitcher

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191. Filmset by Crawley Composition Ltd, Crawley, Sussex. Colour by Technik, Berkhamstead, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group Plc. Fiction; all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. © Paul Raymond Publications 1986.



Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Closed Shop

My husband has just been away to France for a month, on a training course for his new job. He wrote to me often, but that didn't stop me thinking about and wanting sex. I was feeling very randy indeed. It was my sexual experiences during that month that leads me to write this letter to you.

My name is Tracy. I'm 29, five foot six, with auburn hair and an excellent 37-23-35 figure. I own a small corner shop which sells cotton dresses and wool. I do quite well out of it, although business is sometimes slack. And it was on one of those days, when I was feeling particularly sexy and randy, that a young man stopped in front of the window and looked in.

I was sitting behind my cash desk wearing a short white skirt. As the shop was empty, I decided to do something *risque* – I gave the man a good view of my legs. I moved into a position which gave the man a good view of my stocking-tops and his eyes nearly popped out of his head. He smiled at me and turned to come into the shop.

I thought I'd die of embarrassment, but he was actually quite pleasant and the two of us were soon chatting away. He introduced himself as Tom.

Eventually, the conversation came around to my stockings. I told him I liked to wear stockings and suspenders, as they made me feel feminine and sexy. I gave him another flash by raising my skirt, and I couldn't help notice the movement in his trousers. As I watched his hard-on develop, I felt myself getting damp in the crotch of my knickers.

As it was nearly lunchtime, I suggested he stay and have a cup of tea in the back room. He readily agreed, and I was feeling very mischievous as I shut up shop.

Once in the back, I made some tea and we sat down a couple of feet opposite each other. I crossed and re-crossed my legs, trying to be raunchy by showing a bit of stocking-top and bare thigh each time. Tom's eyes were all over me, and I could sense he was getting really worked up. Meanwhile, my knickers were becoming steadily wetter.

I leaned back on my chair with my legs wide open and my fingers down the front of my tiny knickers, fingering my cunt. Tom came over to me, stripping off his trousers. Undoing my blouse, he slipped his hand inside my bra to fondle my tits. I pulled his trousers down to his knees with one hand, and took hold of his hard cock with the other. I got up from my chair and unzipped my skirt, letting it fall to the floor.

Tom's cock was a good eight inches long, and looked menacing. I lay down and Tom moved on top of me, pulling my knickers to one side. He pushed his cock into me and began screwing and humping away at my pussy like a man possessed, causing me to cry out in my pleasure.

He then abruptly moved off me and hurriedly took off his trousers, which gave me time to remove my soaking knickers. Then he asked me to suck his cock and swallow his spunk. I'd never done this before, not even to my husband, but I took the throbbing length of meat into my mouth, tasting my own love juices for the first time.

It wasn't long before Tom ejaculated furiously, holding my head and pumping and panting as his spunk exploded into my mouth drenching my tongue and teeth. The flow of spunk seemed endless as I swallowed it all up hungrily, leaving my mouth very sticky indeed.

Tom repaid my favour by sticking his tongue up my pussy. And, with one great strain, his mouth was full of my juices. He lapped and licked me wonderfully, and, by the end of my extended lunch break, I was well and truly knackered. Since then, oral is what I enjoy the most – getting it *and* giving it.

I had other adventures during that month, but I'll save them for later. Now my husband has returned, he's screwing me as if he's desperate to make up for all the times he's missed. I now do oral sex on him, of course, and you should have seen the look on his face after I'd gulped down all his spunk for the first time. We now enjoy sex even more than we did before.

Tracy, Nottingham

I'm not sure I'm ready for such a large part . . .

Top Ten Corner

1 Sigourney Weaver (actress)
2 Jessica Lange (actress)
3 Jenny Agutter (actress)
4 Bobby (Vol 15 No 2)
5 Debbie Greenwood (TV presenter)
6 Nicola Bryant (Dr Who assistant)
7 Stephanie Beacham (actress)
8 Sarah Greene (TV presenter)
9 Hana Mandlikova (tennis player)
10 Judy Geeson (actress)

Mick, Yorkshire

Hana Mandlikova? – Ed.

Girl On Film

Three years ago, when I married Steve, I knew he was a home-movie enthusiast. I was 18, he 30.

The first thing Steve did was to convert our spare room in to a studio. He had all the gear – cameras, lights, the lot. We had been married for only a week when he started to film me in the nude, in every possible position. He even fingered me so he could film me having an orgasm, and got

continued on page 6

PENNY

Sultry! Any 1950s starlet worth a column inch in *Picturegoer* wasn't going to get *anywhere* in life without being 'sultry' in some suitably 'torrid' movie. All credit, then, to this month's cover girl: Penny sure knows how to pout!

For as 23-year-old Penny knows full well, having the basic physical credentials for a Club spread is only half the battle. The ability to arouse the, er, *interest* of the opposite sex is every bit as crucial. Sultry? Penny, who needs no advice on how to apply her gorgeous looks to maximum erotic effect, is a Grade A turn-on.

Is she a sexually motivated lady?

'I lead a very active sex life, if that's what you mean,' says this former boutique manageress from Bournemouth. 'But it was watching my sister – she was in the Crazy Horse Saloon throughout the 1970s – that gave me my ideas – you know, how to pose sexily and make the fellas sweat!'

Ah, so it's in the blood!

'You could say that,' says Penny, showing us some pics of her black-stockinged sis from an old *Paris Soir*. 'Especially as Mum was one of the original Tiller girls!'

Turn to page 8 for your Penny's worth . . .

irl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

FRANCESCA

At first glance, just another (*yet* another?) pretty Californian blonde. Trouble is, for some mysterious reason, pretty blondes have a way of attracting second glances – or double-takes, if you prefer. And, as any pavement voyeur of Francesca's precinct will tell you, she looks even better from behind!

So nobody could claim this smashing 22-year-old model has gone unnoticed. While somewhat swamped by the opposition back home in Tinseltown (or Redondo Beach, to be precise), Francesca's all-American teen dream looks are currently earning her a 'whole bunch' of work this side of the Pond, where she's busy modelling everything from sprinter shorts to sexy lingerie. And now, exclusive to Club, she's modelling nothing whatsoever – and looking better still!

Surely this nude appearance won't do much to further the 'legitimate' side of her career?

'That's not the case nowadays,' says our bubbly blonde. 'In fact, sportswear manufacturers actually *prefer* to see nude shots before hiring a model, to ensure she's free from spots and scars'.

And indeed, apart from those two tender bumps on Francesca's chest, she seems totally blemish-free! **Well, judge for yourself on page 26 . . .**

KOO-BAÏ

. . . is Nigerian for 'summer spirit', and if this little number gate-crashed your barbecue in this state of undress, you'd certainly feel like you'd been punishing the Pimm's unduly! Koo-Baï (26), a former LSE graduate, turned to modelling when she found herself financially stranded in London by Nigerian government policies. In 1984, in a bid to stamp out corruption, they played the undeniably cunning masterstroke of changing the Nigerian currency – overnight. For Nigerians to trade old currency for new was no problem – just so long as you could prove your old currency was legitimately acquired. Koo-Baï, whose father was a junior minister at the time, found herself unable to prove anything of the kind . . .

But Koo-Baï's loss, in a round-about way, was our gain, for, ever willing to help a damsel in distress, we discovered this (previously un-photographed) African Queen to be eminently employable:

'Like Grace Jones, but with a woman's body', to quote a studio wit.

So we whisked 'KB' off to Marbella for a wicked weekend in front of the lens, which, by all accounts, steamed-up on more than a few occasions. She's hot stuff, is Koo Baï, and the Spanish sunshine evidently made her hot-ter still . . . **as page 75 will testify.**

SUZANNA

Wouldn't you just love to be the ping-pong ball in her snorkel? This fetching 21-year-old from Fel-tham, Middlesex, is so superbly put together, she was an automatic selection for this month's centre-fold slot. While no Candy Samples in the boobs dept. (32-B), this is one very sensational six-footer. All the more remarkable, then, that photographer Jim Rourke discovered her waitressing in a High St Ken pasta house! How-ever, having spent the first six years of adulthood trying to play down her height (flat shoes, long frocks), Suzanna was sceptical of Rourke's drift:

'Me, a model? I thought he wanted me for naughty movies!' she joked. 'It never crossed my mind I had the makings of a glamour model. Now my account-ant says I'm one of the biggest-earning girls in the business. All within ten months? Incredible! Now my only problem is explain-ing to my Dad where all the money's coming from. I expect he thinks I'm on the game, or a coke dealer!'

We're sure the thought has never crossed his mind, Suzanna, and that if and when the truth comes out, he'll feel nothing less than pride for his 'little' girl. **Jump to page 45 for your cruise with Suze . . .**

JOANNE

Unless you're a confirmed disco-maniac or fashion fool, you stand about as much chance of getting a private intro to night club greeter Joanne as a mole has of getting a suntan. She's the chic-est party freak and one of the hip-hoppiest danseuses in Clubland, even more fussy, she claims, about whom she sees in private as who she's seen *with* in public (in Medialand, the two rarely coincide). First and foremost, Joanne's a girl on the make.

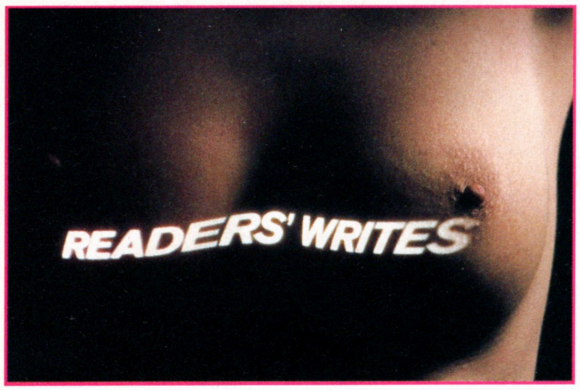
Which isn't to say there's not a soft centre. Despite a full diary, Joanne devotes two afternoons a week to organising fund raising events for her favourite charity. In her own words:

'I only wish I was as good at raising money for myself!'

A social butterfly with a conscience? Joanna insists (and who are we to disbelieve her?) that she is anything but superficial.

'I'm 23 years old and concen-trating on getting somewhere in life. I haven't "discovered" sex yet, and I'm still waiting for the right man to turn me on. But what's the rush? I dance with maybe eight or nine guys each night. Surely it's only a matter of time?'

If your pics on page 34 are anything to go by, luv, you're surely talking minutes, not days . . .



continued from page 4

me to lick my lips and massage my tits. When I saw the finished product on video, it made me feel really randy.

I should have known it wouldn't stop there. One evening, he brought his pal home and filmed us fucking – no simulation, either. I had to do it with my legs over my head so he could film his mate's cock going in and out. Later on, I went on my knees and sucked his cock. We went to climax every single time, and I loved it. I wanted my stud more than I wanted Steve.

His next move was his undoing. He said he wanted to make a full-length film with me and two studs. The two he brought along were Brian and Eric, aged 24 and 23. I liked them – they both had lovely, big cocks.

If we didn't do our scenes to Steve's satisfaction, we had to do it all over again the following night. I made it last, especially when I took both at the same time. In all, we made the whole thing last for three weeks. My sex life with Steve was absolutely nil. I didn't want him, and he was more interested in films than sex.

On the last night of the filming, Brian whispered to me: 'Meet Eric and me at our place tomorrow night.' So I did.

In bed, the three of us did exactly what we liked without worrying about being filmed by my husband. It was wonderful! They told me I wasn't the first girl Steve had asked to make blue films. They asked me to leave him and go to live with them.

Well, I never saw Steve again, except when I went round to collect a few things. I now have two young men to keep me content, and I've never been happier. I've had breakfast in bed every morning since I moved in with them. I love them both, and they both love me. Needless to say, we've never been near another video camera.

Since Steve divorced me, I understand two other girls (at different times) have moved in with him. I wouldn't be surprised if he's lost them both to his 'studs'.

Brenda, Southampton

Choice Chance

Congratulations are in order to Club International for giving Karen her *Club Chance* in Vol 15 No 8. I know you probably get fed up hearing your readers say this, but she has to be the most beautiful thing on two legs I've ever laid eyes on.

I read with interest she comes from the same town where they made *Gregory's Girl*. Well, what a pity the producers hadn't discovered Karen: can you imagine those beautiful, shapely tits bobbing up and down a school football pitch? That very thought has kept me and my right wrist very busy just recently, I can tell you.

But what really sets off the rest of her wonderful features are those deep, penetrating blue eyes, the like of which I've never experienced before. If Karen was ever to personally give me her 'come on' look, I think I'd probably black out. But if she was still there when I came to, I wouldn't half make the most of my opportunity!

Please, Club, don't torture us too long by leaving Karen out of your magazine for any length of time.

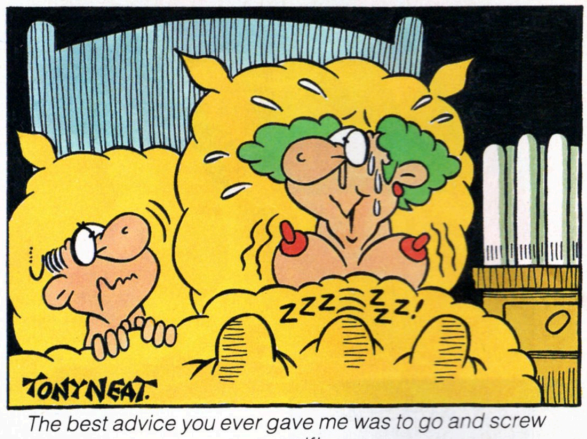
Stuart, Middlesbrough

Dream Come True

For as long as I can remember, boys have always said I had the sexiest, curviest backside they'd ever seen. I used to pretend I was affronted by such comments, but when I was alone in my bed at night I would masturbate frantically, imagining what it would be like to have sex with all those boys who constantly pestered me.

I wanted to follow my instincts and explore all sexual possibilities, but there was no way I could have got away with such 'wanton' behaviour in my little town. Instead, I had to compromise with my steady boyfriend – and the candle and the KY Jelly under the sheets at night. I'm afraid, sexually speaking, my boyfriend was no great shakes!

VIBES by Tony Neat



The best advice you ever gave me was to go and screw myself!

Meanwhile, my fantasies ran wild. I would dream of parading naked, except for black stockings and wickedly high heels, in front of maybe 20 blokes, all with their cocks hanging out. I'd instruct them not to touch me under any circumstances. I'd put a real wiggle in my walk and watch their cocks stiffen until they were enormous.

I'd bend right over in front of them, spread my bum and show them my gaping, glistening pussy. Then, edging back to within inches of where they stood, I'd urge them to wank off. Then I'd thrill to the sensation of string after string of come splashing across my tight, curvaceous arse.

When I left home, I was able to indulge myself sexually. There was little need for me to masturbate. My super figure guaranteed a steady flow of boyfriends. Sometimes, though, I overdid it.

Once, I inadvertently fixed a date with two guys on the same night, and they arrived at my place within minutes of each other. I'd never had a session with two blokes before, and this seemed like the perfect chance. I was in a really cock-teasing, kinky mood that night, and I thought I'd have some fun teasing them. I went to my bedroom and changed into a tiny, black, rubber mini skirt, scarcely long enough to cover my arse. It was so tight, I had to dust my thighs with baby powder to help peel it on.

Kinkier still, I put on a pair of rubber boots I used for cleaning my car – and, on top, I wore a tight, white T-shirt, two sizes too small, and no bra on underneath. When I walked back into the room, I could almost *feel* the boys' cocks unfurl. Standing there, I let them sandwich me between them. We three-way kissed, one guy rubbing his crotch-bulge into my rubber-clad backside, the other rubbing his into my pussy.

Although I was really turned-on, somehow I wasn't in the mood for fucking. Instead, reminded of my wild masturbation fantasies, I peeled the rubber skirt up around my hips – no panties underneath – and laid it on the line: if they wanted to get their rocks off, they'd have to wank off all over my arse – by way of paying homage, if you like.

The boys couldn't contain themselves a second longer. Despite their obvious rivalry, they dropped their trousers and pants, stood behind me, and wanked off. And just like in my masturbation fantasy, the thrill of the warm come splashing over me was quite exquisite. Of course, there are times when I enjoy a good, vigorous fuck as much as the next girl. But, having a figure as good as mine, I get a real turn-on from using it to tease.

Melanie, London NW2

Taking a Club Chance *pays off with a sackful of readers' praise*

Measuring Up

I am one of your younger readers, and would like to enquire about something of which I'm not quite sure.

In *Readers' Writes* and *Women's Writes*, the size of a penis is often stated. What I would like to know is that,

when measuring the penis, do you start from the base of the testicles? If this is so, I'm six inches long. Would you please provide me with this vital piece of information?

I've greatly enjoyed reading and masturbating over the lovely girls in your magazine. I'm still a virgin – although I hope to end this soon. But, for the present, Club International is my bedtime companion.

By the way – am I the only Asian guy who reads Club? I've never noticed any Asian names being printed before.

Hitesh, Wembley

Don't worry about it, Hitesh. Some guys obviously measure from their ankles, judging by some of the exaggerated dimensions we hear about. If you're about six inches, you'll find that's more than enough to do the job when your time comes. When it does, let us know about it! – Ed.

Caught in the Act

I'm 18 and still live at home. As my parents both work full-time, the lady next door comes in a couple of mornings a week to do the housework. Her name is Jenny, she's 38, quite a looker, and has a fantastic figure.

Normally she comes in on Tuesdays and Fridays. But this particular week she came on a Monday instead. I had no idea of the change of day, and was in my bedroom watching some blue videos and having one of my wanking sessions. I was aware of the door being opened. I suddenly looked up and there she was.

I tried to hide my erection by pushing it between my legs, but it just sprung up bigger and harder. Jenny then sat on the bed and started to watch the video, which was showing four guys with one girl. One bloke was fucking her, one was having a blow job and the other two were being wanked off by her.

Jenny said: 'The lucky bitch,' and slid her hand up my leg on to my rock-hard tool. She started to stroke it. She stopped for a moment to undress, and this only served to confirm that her body truly was magnificent.

I stared lustfully at her long and slender legs, her slim waistline and her firm and full breasts (38C, I reckon). I pulled her down on to the bed and licked her hot pussy, drinking in her lovely juices as I did so.

After a few minutes, I finally mounted her. Her vagina was nice and tight, and I humped her for all she was worth. She wrapped her legs around me, squeezing her cunt muscles on my cock. Very little housework was done that day, I can tell you!

Over the past week, she has let me act out scenes from the video, such as

continued on page 95

COME AGAIN

There's something about teenage girls. There's something about French girls. Put the two together, and you have a whole lot *more* than something. That much is apparent from you lot's reaction to the pictures of 18-year-old Yvette in Vol 15 No 8.

'There's a picture on page 47,' Simon from Maidenhead informs us, 'which has had me transfixed since the day I first saw it. It's the one where Yvette has her arse high in the air, with a look on her face that seems to be saying: *"Prenez moi!"* It's a classic girlie picture.'

Craig, who bides in Ullapool, writes: 'I've seen better-looking girls in Club before, and lots with nicer bodies. But it was telling us she's French that was your big mistake. I got off with a young French tourist up here a couple of years ago, and she – the randy bint! – has coloured my opinion of that nation's women for ever.'

But, of all our Yvette correspondents, John, from Hull, was most impressed. Actually, that's the understatement of the year, as you'll see:

I'm writing to thank you for the cock-erecting, mind-blowing pictures of Yvette. As soon as I saw her picture while flicking through the mag in the newsagent's, I paid my money and rushed straight home.

My cock had become so hard, I immediately wanked as I gazed at Yvette's beautiful body. Her eyes are knee-tremblingly lovely, and she has gorgeous, shapely breasts with mouthwatering nipples. Her legs are beautiful, and her cunt goes one better – it's perfect.

That night as I lay in bed, I couldn't stop thinking about her. I had to get up, fetch my magazine and wank myself silly. I imagined I was fucking Yvette doggy-style, holding on to her firm breasts and licking her ear. She moaned as my cock pumped away, and we came to a magnificent orgasm together. She then licked my cock back to life, and we manoeuvred into a 69 position.

My girlfriend has begun to worry about my obsession with Yvette, but she also told me she's noticed my performance in bed has suddenly improved. I'm worried that this unaccounted-for fringe benefit might wear off, so can you publish more pictures of Yvette to keep the momentum going?

John, Hull

PENNY

Photographs by Charles Haydn

LIFE WITH Linzi

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

Fancy-dress parties – I love 'em! All that dressing up in uniforms and stuff is just up my street. So when a friend of mine was planning to open a fancy-dress hire shop, I suggested he have a big fancy-dress party to launch it. Being a bit of a bossy-boots, I offered to help him organize it all (actually it was just a ploy so I could go along to his new shop and try on all the outfits to make sure I got the best one!).

Mind you, I had great fun trying them all on. There is something really rather nice about dressing up in different uniforms and costumes. It's as if the costume changes the mood of the person dressing up in it. Anyway, after posing around in various outfits for hours, I had narrowed my selections down to four.

First on my list was a sexy little schoolgirl number – a firm favourite of you raunchy lot, if I'm not mistaken. It consisted of tight white cotton knickers, bra, suspenders and stockings, a wrap-round skirt (for easy access!), a crisp white shirt and a tie – which I had terrible trouble knotting. I finished off with this great yellow and green St Trinian's-style jacket. I think it probably would have fitted a St Trinian's schoolgirl, because I couldn't fasten the bloody thing across my rather large boobies! Still, it looked quite good left unfastened at the front while I posed around coyly in the mirror, feeling all sweet and

virginal (no fancy quips pleas, Ed!) and flashing my knickers.

Next, I tried on a rather elegant period costume. I'm not quite sure what period it came from, as I was never too hot at history, but I nevertheless knew it was old! It had a lovely, full-flowing skirt covering white corset and bloomers and goodness knows how many petticoats. I could hardly strap my titties into the firm jacket top, but, after a great struggle, I did. I was surprised to find how comfy it was. The cut of the jacket made me stand up or sit up very straight – improving the posture, no doubt. Mind you, if one of the stiff bones from the jacket split its seam and stabbed you in the tit it would be no laughing matter. Happily on this occasion, it didn't, although I decided against this outfit just in case it did! Not to mention the fact that if I struck it lucky at the party, by the time I'd have got out of the bloomers and numerous petticoats, I'd have probably been too exhausted to enjoy a good fuck.

Lacy Undies

On to the next one, which was a superb Wren's uniform. I included black lacy undies to go with this slim pencil skirt, crisp white shirt and black tie. This one I found much more satisfactory as it was a clip-on job (the tie, not the shirt!). The jacket was a perfect fit, with nice big shoulders and a double-breasted front and finished off nicely with a jaunty little hat. I'm really into hats with uniforms. The only thing I wasn't too sure about was the stout black shoes. Still I could always make a slight adjustment and wear a pair of black stilettos. Yes, I was *very* fond of this one, so I put it aside with the schoolgirl one.

The last of my selection was another period number, but much raunchier than the first one. I struggled into the black silk bloomers and lace-up booties before cramming my tits into an incredibly sexy bodice top, which left me bursting out all over. The skirt was of a heavy velvet material which I thought might cramp my style, so I discarded that after a few twirls in the mirror, leaving me looking just like a saloon girl of the late 19th century. Hey, my history isn't so bad after all!

So now I had whittled it down to my three favourites; the sexy schoolie, the naughty navy officer or the Wild West hooker?

I took off the costume and was standing there starkers, trying to make a decision, when Mick – my mate who owns the shop – put his head around the changing room door.

'Come in, Mick,' I called, not bothering to hide my nakedness – of which he had two good views. My full-frontal nude body was peeping at him from the mirror.

'Made up your mind yet?' he asked, as he sauntered up behind me, massaging my neck slowly as he spoke.

'No,' I mumbled, leaning my head back and relaxing. 'I only just realized how stiff this undressing and getting dressed has made me.

'Know just what you mean,' he said, grinning. 'Fancy a massage?'

'Oh, I'd love one,' I said, and lay down on my tummy on his *chaise-longue*.

He kneeled beside me. His firm hands brought on a feeling of ecstasy as he massaged up and down my back and across my shoulders and neck. I was in seventh heaven when he

Wow! Now here's a blazer to put some fire in randy Club readers everywhere. Out with your hoses, men . . .

Photographs by John Copthorne

Anchors aweigh! Sailors with an eye for the birds will need no excuses for casting their eyes over this randy wren . . .

started to knead my buttocks. I spread my legs and I could feel the beginnings of a wetness between my thighs. As his strong hands moved the cheeks of my ass apart, I could feel my pussy twitching, eager for a finger or a tongue.

Mick, the teasing bastard, could tell I was getting as horny as hell, but he carried on massaging my bottom, just touching my outer pussy lips as I arched my ass up towards him, dying for him to touch me. He was still keeping me waiting, so I slid my arm beneath me and started rubbing my slippery clit. That must have got him going, because straight away he pulled me open and slid his delectable tongue inside. Working with my eager fingers, I was coming in seconds.

I rolled over and opened my eyes, and saw him standing above me with his cock all ready for action. He kneeled across me and lifted my ass so he could penetrate me deeply, and he fucked me good and hard. I wrapped my legs around his neck as we thrust together, his hot come exploding inside me.

After a quick cuddle on the *chaise-longue* (I say 'quick', as the bloody thing is not really big enough for two and I kept rolling off on to the floor), I decided to do a costume parade for Mick, to see which outfit he thought I looked horniest in.

He seemed to think there was no contest. The saloon girl and schoolgirl outfits he eyed appreciatively, but as soon as I was in my nautical gear, he hoisted up my skirt, pulled aside my lacy black knickers and slid his cock inside me as I bent over the clothes rail.

So he had finally made the choice for me. If I was to get that kind of reception at the party, how could I fail to chose the Wren's!

Saturday night came, and I dressed carefully for the party. I had decided against the flat black shoes and was wearing a pair of high, black, patent stilettos with my black stockings and smart Navy uniform.

French Tart

By midnight, the party was in full swing. Everybody seemed a little bit tiddly after consuming vast portions of the rather intoxicating punch I'd thrown together. Nearly everybody was in fancy dress: there was a vicar, French tart, Tarzan, cheerleaders – even a gorilla grooving away to the music.

When everyone started pairing off for the smoochy records, it was hilarious to see. A gorilla was grinding seductively with a nurse, not to mention the cave woman and the traffic warden!

I was just standing back, eyeing up the talent, when I was approached by a rather sexy-looking 'schoolboy'. His mature hairy legs looked very appealing in his long white socks and shorts. He took off his cap, revealing his long, black, curly hair and asked for a dance. The record on the turntable was *Move Closer*, a really slow favourite of mine as we snuggled together on the makeshift dancefloor. We followed the singer's advice until our bodies were pressed hard into each other. His willy pushed against my tummy.

After half an hour or so of snogging away (which, incidentally, gave us both a few problems because my hat kept getting in the bloody way!), the music changed. So we beat a hasty retreat, as I was feeling too far-gone to start strutting around to *Jumping Jack Flash* or the like!

To knot . . . or not? Linzi opts for the first choice to give that special something to her crisp white blouse.

Plenty of clothes here for any lover of dressing – and undressing – both of which our Linzi loves to do.

My 'schoolboy' Beau with the pressing penis, Tim, kindly offered to drive me home. When we got into his car, we resumed our snogging session with increased vigour. Very soon, we ended up in the back seat of his Jag. Well, it's been some time since I'd had a good fuck on the back seat of a car.

He undid my shirt and released my tits from my bra, while his other hand moved gently up my thigh, pausing at my stocking tops. He pulled my bra up out of the way and was tongueing my nipples softly. Then he started sucking hard on them, watching them grow. I could only moan as I felt his other hand rubbing me through my lace panties as my pussy became dripping wet.

Steamed Up

I raised myself up and undid the flies on his shorts, releasing his stiff, swollen cock. He pulled aside my panties, and was just rubbing the head of his hot cock up and down my clit when there was a sharp tap on the steamed-up window.

Oh-oh! The Old Bill!

We sat up, straightening our clothes as quickly as possible before opening the window a little apprehensively to see a copper peering in. Now, we were in a slight dilemma here: we had no idea if this guy was the real McCoy, or just some joker from the fancy-dress do. We could hardly say: 'Push off, you nosey bastard,' just in case he was a real copper, so we sat there trying not to grin while he waffled on about indecent exposure!

'We were just doing a bit of necking, officer,' I said, smiling sweetly at him.

'Well, would you mind putting your boyfriend's neck back in his trousers, and get the hell out of here?' he retorted, with a hint of a smile crossing his face.

By now I was pretty sure he wasn't for real, but we kept up the charade just in case, as we both climbed back into the front and watched him walk to his car. If he was a real copper, that's the first time I've ever seen one driving a Fiat X19 sports car!

Cocky bastard, interrupting our 'sport'! Still, we managed to finish it off nicely in the less-cramped surroundings of Tim's bedroom soon after, you'll no doubt be delighted to know.

Anyway, guys, that's about it for another month. I've absolutely no idea what I'll be up to next, but whatever it is, it'll be worth writing about – and you'll be the first to know! ♣

Linzi

A touch of the gypsy here, but we never need a crystal ball to know what future our randy readers would plan for Linzi . . .

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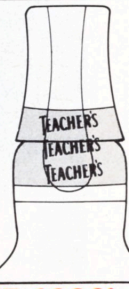

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
You give me the impression you're the kind of girl who will do anything. Although I'm only 18, I'm very mature for my age. I can't stop thinking about you, and often have dreams about you (wet ones, of course!) I think you'll like my most recent dream.

It started off with us having a big, juicy fuck in a really bouncy bed. You had just squeezed everything out of my pussy-hungry prick. Pretty straightforward, even boring, eh? Don't worry – the best is yet to *come* (I had to sneak that one in!)

We were in a little cottage in the depths of the Devon countryside. Keeping up with country tradition, we were sitting at the breakfast table. Spread out on the table were a large jug of milk, cereal and two plates of bacon and sausage (yuk!).

I can remember looking across the table at you. You were running your finger around your glossy lips. Suddenly, my rock-hard cock began to show again. If I hadn't unzipped my tight jeans, it would have ripped right through them. I moved my chair back to let my cock rise above the height of the table.

The moment you caught sight of my shaft, you cleared the milk jug and plates to one side and laid yourself on the table, gradually pushing yourself towards my torment. You didn't pause to ease my fat cock into your mouth – instead, you rammed it all in. Your forcefulness itself had nearly made me come. Your mouth and tongue soon got to work, and you almost bit my cock off when my red-hot, creamy cock juice filled your gullet.

Immediately, you positioned yourself so your long legs were spread over the edge of the table. I noticed the very slippery sausage innocently placed on my plate. I grabbed it and teased your cunt lips with its perfectly-rounded, wet end. I eagerly fed the limp sausage up your inner sanctuary, and you became so excited when it kissed the inside of your cunt. I had left the other end of the sausage sticking out of your cunt lips.

I flicked it, and this caused the other end inside you to bounce. You gasped and shouted: 'It's fucking me!' I carried on doing this until you let out a moan. I quickly licked the liquid you had shed. I put the tip of the sausage in my mouth and began to eat it out of your pussy. As it entered my mouth, I could taste your lovely juice again. As the last piece of sausage popped out of you, a final shower of your come spat out of your lips.

You were right in the middle of wanking me off onto a piece of toast when there was a buzzing sound in my ears: it was my alarm clock going off. Dream or no dream, there was a massive pool of spunk in my bed. It's just a pity it wasn't in you instead of all over the sheets.

I hope you don't find it too hard to believe that, despite my erotic fantasy dreams, I am still a virgin. *David, Barnsley*
I should have read this little lot before I wrote my fantasies down for Vol 15 No 10. Wow – I think I could have learned a thing or two from you, David! If you are fantasizing like this without ever having been fucked, who knows what you'll get up to once you've lost your cherry! By the way – what are you doing for breakfast next week . . . ?

Dear Linzi,
I want to tell you and your readers something that will make them very envious.

At a night club in Bath a few months ago, I was doing my magic act, when the real attraction arrived – Sam Fox. Yes, *her*. She helped me with one of my tricks, which involved me picking her up and putting her on my 'magic' table, whereby the legs are removed and she is left there floating. You can imagine how thrilled I was when I gave her a kiss afterwards.

Now – how about me doing the same to you . . . ? Remember all the furore that was reported in the Press when you visited Bath? What about showing 'em by wearing a small bikini and sitting on my illusion . . . ? *John, Bath*
Your trick sounds great, John, especially with big Sammy along to help out. I remember seeing it performed by a London magician once, and it's absolutely amazing. I'd love to try it!

Dear Linzi,
I had to write to let you know how much I enjoyed the sight of your shaved pussy. From your pictures, you are obviously very proud of it. It was splendid having the opportunity to see before and after pictures, but why were there none of your *coiffeur* actually performing the dastardly deed?

I have frequently tried to persuade my wife to allow me to remove her pubic hair, but although she has allowed me to trim it, she has never agreed to a shave for fear of itching.

Since you are obviously experiencing itching, I wonder if you have found a way of overcoming it. Surely a depilatory would be better, and would ensure total baldness for at least a month. *Colin, Bracknell*
Well, Colin, I did have great fun shaving – as you so rightly sussed from looking at the pictures. We didn't show the actual shaving, as that's unfortunately taboo in men's magazines in this country. Anyway, tell your lady friend not to worry, as I was completely itch-free – even when it was growing back. Mind you, I did freak everyone out when I doused my bald puss liberally with after-shave to stop it from going spotty. It didn't hurt a bit, and it left me silky-smooth! I hope your girl does change her mind.

Dear Linzi,
I enjoy wanking over you, and I dare say thousands of other men do as well.

I often wonder, though, when women become conscious or aware that men wank over them. For instance, when you were about 18, did you ever think men were wanking over you, or don't girls think of those things at that age? Or do girls deliberately dress to excite men at that age, knowing men will be wanking over them?
RB, London
Not only was I thinking of such things at that age, I was already wanking men myself! I don't mind men wanking over me at all: we all like to amuse ourselves, and I'm always wanking and fantasizing about various . . . well, let's just leave it at 'people'. So let's all get our hand on it and have fun.

Dear Linzi,
I've long been an admirer of yours, and I have to say I wish I was still a virgin about to go out on a blind date with you!

Anyway, I've just seen your column in Vol 15 No 7, and read your brief description of your jelly-wrestling activities in Aberdeen. If only I'd known! I've seen your performance in the 'Nude Jello' video, and almost came in my pants!

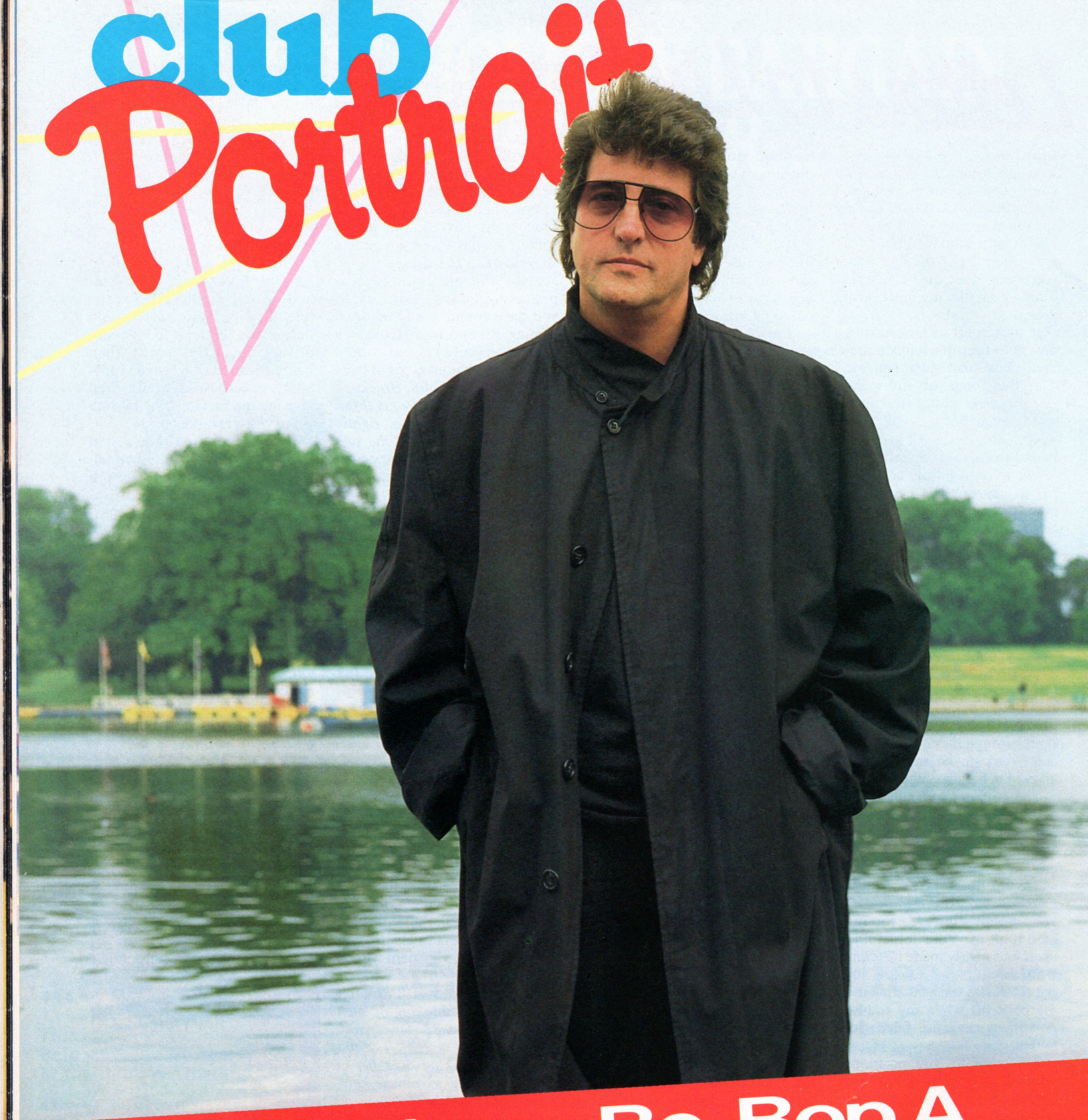
I was wondering if you wrestle regularly, or if you're open to offers. The reason I'm asking this is that I would like you to give me a lesson in jelly/mud/oil wrestling, or even a black stockings against black briefs match. I've wrestled against three 'ladies of the night' so far, but none with your beauty or figure.

I'm 27 years old, more than six foot tall, blond, blue-eyed and big (seriously!) I'd really like to take you on. I'm no nutter, it's just that I can think of nothing more erotic than being wrestled by a female (probably naked) who would then give me the fucking of a lifetime – and vice-versa, of course.

Even if you aren't interested in my propositon, could you tell me (and the readers) more about your wrestling activities to date?

Name and address withheld
You shouldn't have told me you were six foot tall and big – maybe then I would have taken you on, but I'm far too chicken to wrestle with the big boys! My last opponent was bad enough; she was a big lady about five-ten tall, with boobs and bum to match. To be honest, I was scared to death. The nude jello wrestling was another matter altogether – writhing around in jelly with Marie Harper has GOT to be great fun! Don't you think so?

club Portrait



'I was doing a Be-Bop A Loo Loo in the staff room along with three juniors on upturned buckets...'

NICHOLAS WHITTAKER TALKS TO JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE

Many years ago, before Cockney was chic and TV series like *Minder* turned villains into harmless teddy-bears, young Nigel Davies from Hackney was already apprenticed to the trade. A streetwise kid born in 1939 (as an evacuee he lodged with J.B. Priestley), his boyhood heroes were villains and boxers – men like Jack Spot and Albert Dimes who fought to a standstill in a greengrocer's shop – neighbourhood legends for a culture which even now recalls the days of the Richardsons and the Krays with a touch of local pride. One of Nigel's first jobs was working as a bouncer – albeit a very elegant Italian-suited one – in a discotheque owned by the notorious Rachman.

But young Nigel had bigger things in mind than being a petty villain, and he rather valued his ears, too; appendages which rival heavies would slice off at the slightest excuse. Still, it was the kind of tough baptism that would stand him in good stead in the hectic years to follow – the years when the world knew him as Justin de Villeneuve.

Justin's name was always spoken in tandem with another in those euphoric '60s years – Twiggy. Together the ex-bouncer-cum-hairdresser-cum-photographer-cum-chancer and his protégée Lesley Hornby took the fashion world by storm. It was a whirlwind romance with fame and fortune. Twiggy's new look and Justin's streetwise business acumen meant that they were soon at the top. In 1967 when it all started, new models could expect to earn $30 an hour (if you got to be good like Jean Shrimpton you could make $120). Justin asked for $1000 an hour – and got it. Deals came thick and fast. Money gushed from a fountain. Twiggy and Justin were everywhere, at the best parties, with all the bright young talents of the decade.

But it wasn't just Twiggy. Justin was always a fixer *par excellence*, a manager, a producer, the main man, and his clients over the years included other famous names – Lynsey de Paul, Tim Hardin, Clifford T. Ward.

Now Justin de Villeneuve has mellowed – just a little. He has recently turned his talents to writing, setting out all the details of those madcap years with his hilarious autobiography entitled *An Affectionate Punch*, published by Sidgwick & Jackson at £10.95.

You wanted to be a reporter when you left school, didn't you?

I was brought up on all those films about reporters with press cards in their hats, so it seemed incredibly glamorous. And of course you could get in free to all the sporting events! I learnt shorthand and typing and went off to the interview, all set to become ace reporter for the *Tottenham Herald*. The Editor gave me a load of spiel about starting from the bottom and working my way up and said I'd probably have to be content with making the tea for two years. All my dreams were fading fast. It was the most depressing half an hour of my life. At the end the Editor asked me for my comments. 'Bollocks' was about all I could bring myself to say. That was the end of my career in newspapers.

You seemed to do a lot of running in those days. It's a wonder you didn't go in for athletics.

Yeah. I used to go to this club called Greys in Seven Sisters Road. I was there one night and asked this young lovely for a dance. She looked at me as if I was demented, but she said yes anyway. There I am, dancing away and telling her she's gorgeous when the whole dance hall goes quiet. Reggie and Ronnie Kray have just walked in and I'm only the little twerp who's dancing with Reggie's bird. I can feel the hot stuff running down my legs. Stay calm, I tell myself. So I start dancing backwards towards the door and set off down Seven Sisters Road. I was overtaking buses and cars. Well, Reg and Ronnie didn't just smack your bottom, they did permanent damage.

Then you went into hairdressing, in the mid '50s . . .

That was for Vidal Sassoon, who was just up and coming then. It was great fun. Vidal used to sack me every other week, but I always talked his wife into getting him to take me back. One time I made him so mad he threw his scissors in the air and they stuck in the ceiling! Another time I was doing a *Be Bop A Loo Loo* in the staff room along with three juniors on upturned buckets. You could hear us all over Mayfair. I was in and out of those doors like a yo-yo.

Purple Hearts

It seems to be quite a contrast, working as a bouncer for Rachman, then going into hairdressing.

Well, you know the real reason I loved it? Crumpet! Meeting all those young lovelies and being paid for it. Mind you, I was a shocking hairdresser. Even so, I must have worked for just about every hairdresser in Mayfair. None of them ever quite understood me. After I left, I went off to work in the suburbs, the old comb-out-at-home job. The crumpet was unbelievable. Housewives! The only way I kept going was on purple hearts. The sexiest thing in the world is still a housewife in the suburbs. Knock on the door of a little house in a quiet street, up the stairs, legs akimbo.

How did you meet Twiggy?

My brother worked as a hairdresser in Queensway and I used to go and pick him up in the evenings. On Saturdays one of the lady stylist's sister used to work there, washing hair and sweeping the floor and so on. That was young Lesley Hornby – Twiggy. I was into all kinds of things by that time – interior decorating, jewellery – and when my brother asked me if I could help young Lesley become a model I said yes without really giving it any thought. Well, I knew a few photographers, so it couldn't be that difficult . . . I arranged a session with a chum. Lesley was amazing – she moved in front of the cameras like she'd been doing it all her life.

Did you ever dream it would all lead to a world-wide phenomenon?

Well, my Uncle Gilbert read our palms and reckoned we were both going to become world-famous and sign a big contract between us. Well, he got the first part right, didn't he?

Looking back on the optimism of the '60s, of which you and Twiggy were major figures, do you think there was any real reason for it all – or was it just a fad?

Historically the '60s is very interesting because they really derived from the war, the '40s and the ghastly old '50s, which is really my era and which I loved. Then

Heady days for the globetrotting Justin and Twiggy

everything exploded, the lack of things, money, food, clothes, luxuries – suddenly everything got easier. So a lout like myself could make a lot of headway. There were opportunities for opportunists. Now that's a nice little phrase, innit? I'll have to remember that one . . .

Is that kind of opportunism still possible today?

No. I think there's definitely more talent around now; the young kids are fascinating, brilliant. The music is better and so are the fashions. But there's not that magic feel to it any more. There was a magic to the '60s. You could actually do ambitious things. You could phone up someone like Paul McCartney and say: 'Hey, let's make a film together.' But there aren't opportunities like that any more, there aren't the entrepreneurs today – we're in a different era.

You think people have become a lot straighter then?

Yes. They're influenced by people like Andrew Lloyd-Webber – that's the style of today. For example, their use of Michael Crawford in *Phantom of the Opera*. Instead of using a pop star like Steve Harley they use a man like Crawford because he's mums and dads stuff, guaranteed box-office. There's no going out on a limb any more. And when they try going out on a limb, like they did with *Absolute Beginners*, it was an inaccurate ghastly nonsense, it set back all the young film-makers. People just said

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In Hyde Park: time to reflect on a hectic life . . .

to themselves: 'Well, that's all they can do, these young video-makers, they turn out crap like that . . .' So it's back to the drawing board for them all and on with the reign of the Lloyd-Webbers.

It must be a strange feeling to orchestrate other people's lives, as you did with Twiggy and, to a lesser extent, with Lynsey de Paul and Tim Hardin. Does it give you a great feeling of responsibility?

Oh, certainly not, certainly not. Funnily enough, at the end of the day, I find it easier to restrict myself to managing myself. I did quite a good job with Twiggs, but most of my other managements haven't been too successful. I've made enormous amounts of money, of course, but it's not my ambition to earn lots of money. I don't need it. I find money can be a restriction; you get yourself in the situation where you have large houses, big cars, staff – and it's all bollocks. I'm happier with my little flat in Chelsea, so I don't have to worry too much about where the next penny is coming from. It's a lot easier for my mentality . . .

You think money weakens your instinct for survival?

I find that the accumulation of great amounts of money and the mentality that goes with that totally irrational. People with enormous amounts of money – and there are exceptions of course – are usually very suspicious of other people. And what they do with their money bores me. If I did have enormous amounts of money I'd probably indulge my weakness, which is collecting paintings. And what can you do with a load of soppy paintings hanging up on your wall?

Exploitation

Do you ever consider your own success in life to be just a by-product of other people's talents?

That's a hard one to answer because I'll always exploit – that's the nature of the animal I am. But that is my own particular talent – exploitation.

Fashion has figured very largely in your life and your public image. How important is it really to everyday survival?

Well it's very important to me. I've got an enormous wardrobe. I find that I can dress for any occasion and psychologically it does help me. If I'm going to a serious business meeting I'll put on a silk and cashmere suit. I own a bespoke Knightsbridge company, so I always have a couple of handmade suits. It does make a difference if you're sitting down to talk serious money. You have to look the business.

So you don't think you'd have made the grade in jeans and a T-shirt?

Not at all. Not in America, leastways, where I did some very large deals with Twiggy back in the '60s. And I'm too old to wear jeans and a T-shirt now – I'd look like a silly old tart.

How much have you spent on suits and suchlike over the years, then?

Enormous amounts. I've got something like 75 handmade suits and 80 pairs of handmade shoes – which I couldn't afford to have made today. There's a few pairs of crocodile shoes that the legendary Mr Cleverley made for me – they'd cost you about £1000 nowadays. I couldn't afford it . . . and I wouldn't wish to any more. But the ones I wear now I've had about 25 years and it's as if they're still brand new.

What made you want to write your autobiography at such an early age?

Money.

Sounds a good enough reason to me.

Well, I'd always fancied writing anyway, so I'm absolutely delighted that it's been received so well. People are always having a pop at me – which I quite enjoy, I couldn't give a shit – but I'm pleased that I've been accepted as an author. I thoroughly enjoy that.

Did it really take you only three weeks to write?

I was a bit flippant when I told everyone that. It actually took me about a year, but I physically put it down on paper in about six weeks. I'd already done a lot of research and a lot of thinking, working out the chapters and suchlike. But even if you think about it, six weeks is actually a long time just to get it on paper.

Did you keep diaries all through those public years, or was it written from memory?

It was all from memory. That's probably why there are such great holes in it – inaccuracies, which I quite enjoy.

Pick-Axe

The cover was quite menacing – you with a bloodied pick-axe handle. What was the idea behind that?

I wanted it all slightly camper than it turned out. It was just a little pun on *The Affectionate Punch,* and originally the pick-axe handle was supposed to be behind my back so I'd just be there holding a nice bunch of flowers with just the top of the stick behind me. But it didn't work – it looked like I had a fucking parrot on my shoulder! So we brought it round the front. Then the photographer got a bit carried away and thought that black gloves would make it a bit more menacing. So we had a couple of drinks and that was that. But, having said that, I love the cover. It's very strong.

You didn't mention school much in your life story. Was it a bad time for you, or did it do you some good?

I was abysmal most of the time. My brain just wasn't in it. I spent most of the time doing drawings – that's one of my other big loves. No, I just wasn't very good at school.

Do you regret that now?

A bit. Because I'm lacking. Academically I've got great gaps in my education and there are times when I get frustrated, especially when I'm searching for a word to use. I'm not talking about the book, because that's my own style, which I'm thrilled a lot of people have picked up on. But in personal conversation I do get a bit frustrated. Saying that, though, I don't think I could have gone on to university. I just haven't got the capacity to learn from other people; I find it very hard to be taught.

And yet you seemed to have learned a lot from life. What about your photography, for example – who taught you that?

It's true, I was enormously successful as a photographer – but I wouldn't know the difference between an f-stop and a fucking bus stop. I just knew how to capture the picture that I wanted. It was an instinct. Exploitation comes in to that, too, you see – getting the right people to help me, getting assistants to worry about exposures and f-stops. But it was my eye behind it all, my ideas. I knew in my mind what picture I wanted.

What would you most like to be remembered for?

Oh, I've still got quite an innings to go yet, so it's a bit premature to think of an answer to that one. But I quite like what somebody once called me – the 'Oscar Wilde of the Underworld'. I like that image. Nothing too serious for me; I'm a great believer in trivia. My old motto was *Simple But Tasteless.*

Okay, I won't consign you to history yet-a-while. What do you see yourself doing in, say, ten or 20 years time?

Well, for the next few years I'd like to get into writing a lot more.

Serious Faces

Have you got anything in the pipeline?

Yes, I'm doing a book on villains; that's my next project. Believe it or not, I've never been ambitious as such. I can't do long-term plans or anything like that. If I set out on a path I'd probably fall flat on my face – which I do most of the time! I like to take opportunities as they present themselves. That's the kind of person I am.

Where did the idea for this book on villains come from?

Talking to the villains. I gave a launch party for my autobiography and invited the heads of a couple of the 'families'. There were some serious faces there. One of the chaps approached me. He'd read bits of my book and it had made him laugh enormously. I think they quite like my style. So this book on villains, it wouldn't be a heavy journalistic thing, more of a Runyonesque, light-hearted book full of funny stories.

Wouldn't that glamorize the criminal lifestyle a bit?

Yes, I would romanticise it. It's in my nature to romanticise everything. It's the old simple but tasteless job again.

Do you think if all your money – and all your contacts – were taken away tomorrow, you could still use your East End wits to make another reputation for yourself? Would you even want to?

I could if I was ten years younger. My big handicap now is that I still think in my brain that I'm a young man. But when you get up in the morning and creak out of bed you suddenly realize you're an old man. That would be the big question mark – whether physically I could duck and dive like I used to. But with the contacts I've got I'll always survive, and survive comfortably, even when I'm without money. I'm blessed with having very good and sympathetic friends, who in my turn I've been very generous with and those close friends have got good memories. I've always been a little easy come easy go with money. I've never been a bread-head. I'm certainly not a wealthy man – and it doesn't bother me one iota.

FRANCESCA

Photographs by Joe King

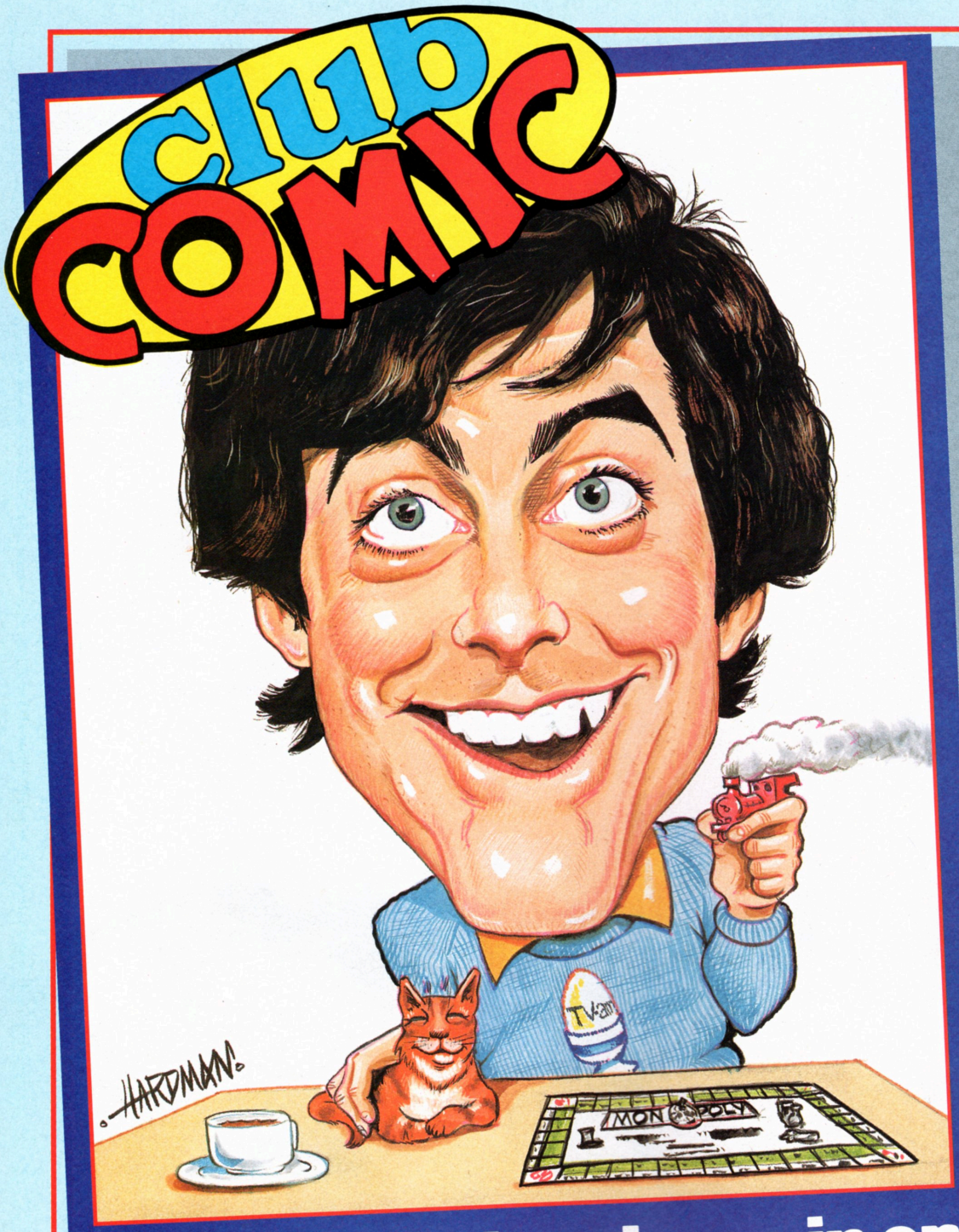


Illustration by Paul Hardman

Brian O'Hanlon drops in on GYLES BRANDRETH

Occasionally,' said Gyles Brandreth – wit, raconteur, television panellist, after-dinner speaker *par excellence*, and author – 'I dedicate a book to my wife. But when I finished *Great Sexual Disasters* she was not at all keen. "Actually, darling, I would rather you didn't", she told me. Women can sometimes be odd, don't you think?'

Mr Brandreth is engaging, sincere, impeccably mannered, and the holder of the world's longest speech in the *Guinness Book Of Records* which went on, non-stop, for 12½ hours. He was the president of the Oxford Union, and of its Dramatic Society. He's written serious books on prison reform, and a biography of Sir John Gielgud. He wears funny hats and jumpers, and is the secretary of The British Pantomime Association.

'We all meet here in this room for our AGM, you know. In costume, of course. I am the rear part of a horse, which is rather stifling, don't you think?

'You know, that's what is on my passport . . . Animal Impersonator. I went around the country as 'Snoopy' on a nationwide tour some years ago. When I emerged from Cardiff railway station, a bus was coming around the corner. The driver, poor soul, took one look at this seven-foot-tall dog, mounted the pavement, and drove into the side of a shop! We had some trouble at Manchester, too. They wouldn't serve me in the Midland Hotel's restaurant. "It isn't that you're a dog, sir. It's that you're not wearing a tie", the manager said. Apparently, a dog collar wasn't good enough!

Dog Trouble

'I have had dog trouble on the London Underground, you know. There was a notice at the bottom of this escalator: "Dogs Must Be Carried". It took me 40 minutes to find one – and it wasn't even the peak hour.

'Sex? Well, sex has always been part of my life. Even when I was born, 38 years ago, you would have found me in bed with an older woman. *Great Sexual Disasters* was a success. Things going wrong are always much more fun than things going right. One has to remember the old Chinese proverb: *There is no pleasure so great as seeing your best friend fall off the roof.*

'If I may digress . . . I attended a dinner at the Grosvenor House where the two principal speakers were Cecil Parkinson, then Tory party chairman, and myself. It was while I was collecting material for this book. I was terribly impressed by Parkinson, because he spent the whole evening nipping out between courses to telephone either his wife or the Prime Minister. He then got up and made a brilliant speech. "What a marvellous chap!" I enthused to my wife when I got home. "Kept phoning the Prime Minister and his wife all during dinner, and I

did not telephone you once, darling''. The next morning we opened the papers and he was front page news. It was actually all happening the previous evening during dinner.

'You have to admit there is something comical about a man being pursued by his wife, the Prime Minister, and his mistress.

'I am researching the follow-up to this book at the moment. It is to be called *Great Sexual Triumphs*.

'I served, you know, on Lord Longford's committee on pornography. He is the only man I know who could embrace a totally naked woman without noticing it. We went to Denmark together to reap the alien porn. I sat next to him on the aeroplane and he read the Bible all the way. He really did. He is no fraud or phoney. That is what I like so much about him.

Screen Kiss

'Did you know that I tried to break another record to get into the *Guinness Book Of Records*? You didn't? Ah! The record is held by Jane Wyman – Mrs Ronald Reagan that was – and Regis Toomey in the 1940 film called *You're In The Army Now*. They held a screen kiss for two minutes! The problem is that people connected with entertainment don't think that watching somebody kissing for two minutes is riveting television.

'I waited for my moment, and on St. Valentine's Day two years ago, I thought my moment had come. *This is it*, I thought, as I pounced on Anne Diamond on the sofa on TVam and forced my attentions upon her, with one eye on my watch. We were within seconds of the record, of making history, when the programme went live to Moscow for Brezhnev's funeral.

'Such is life. I mean, one really cannot go around leaping on people – even people who are so friendly and sweet as Miss Diamond. But I am now biding my time to do it again!

'The record for the longest after-dinner speech was held by a Victorian clergyman, the Reverend Henry Whitehead. So I got up at the Mayfair hotel seven years ago and spoke for four and a half hours. In the audience was a friend, Nicholas Parsons. I thought he had just come to support me, but Nicholas is a ruthlessly competitive man, and had come to size up the competition. No sooner had I achieved my record and was feeling rather pleased with myself than Nicholas threw down the gauntlet and spoke for seven and a half hours, thus breaking it.

'Well, enough's enough. It was much more of a challenge to me than it was to him because he must be used to speaking to an audience that is entirely asleep. Then they had the bright idea of pitting us against each other. We got up, in separate rooms, at precisely the same moment and began speaking. Unfortunately, after 11 hours, they called it a day just as I was getting into my stride. I like to think it was out of consideration for poor Nicholas as he was the infinitely older man. We shared the record for a while, but, as you can imagine, it brought about insomnia as far as I was concerned. There was a kind of mid-life crisis developing.

'I mean, can *you* imagine being in the *Guinness Book Of Records* with Nicholas Parsons? I had to take the record back.

'By this time I was involved with The National Playing Fields Association, and I made a fundraising speech for them. The rules were very strict – no breaks allowed at all. Blowing one's nose, yes, but not going to the lavatory. I secretly went to a surgical shop to be fitted with an appliance in order that relief could come during the course of the speech. Unfortunately, I was not very practised at wearing such a thing, with the result that, before I knew where I was, the appliance was down around my ankles and so restraint was the order of the day.

'It had to be a proper dinner. It had to be the same audience. I got up at 9pm, and sat down at 9.30 the next morning. Cockburn's were sponsoring the event and their Reserve Port was drunk throughout. Delicious, but can you imagine 12½ hours of it? They were not allowed to go to sleep because otherwise I would not break the record, so most of the time I was having to work in overdrive to keep these poor people awake.

'You can imagine the first three hours went like a bomb, but between three and four in the morning – when people traditionally die – there were tricky moments. And since Cockburn's had given £1000 to the charity, they wanted me to be seen to be drinking their port throughout.

'I didn't feel I could, so, just before the speech, I went to the lavatory, locked myself in a cubicle, and produced from inside my trousers – where I had secreted it – a bottle of Ribena, and emptied the 1945 vintage they had specially given me down the pan! That is exclusive to Club International, by the way.

Disaster

'I never take a drink before I speak in case I am a disaster, so they cannot say: ''Not only was he dreadful, but he was pissed as well!''

Mr Brandreth lowers his head across the desk and pushes his elbows out across his work desk. A chance, perhaps, to ask a question. Is 'Gyles' Welsh, for instance?

'Rest assured that, when I'm in Wales, it's enormously Welsh. I have been exposed, in the best sense, by one or two Welsh people who know better. I have an inkling that I am called after Sir Giles Isham, with whom my father was at Oxford in the '20s. He was president of absolutely everything – the Union, the Dramatic Society – and was something of a matinee idol; the John Gielgud of his day. His forbear, Sir Charles Isham, brought to Britain the first garden gnome from Switzerland in 1858.

'Please do not guffaw. You are in the presence of somebody for whom garden gnomes are terribly important. I am a great collector. I have over 100 gnomes of all shapes and sizes. You may now see . . .' At this stage he went over and fondly picked up a gnome '. . . Ah! Here we are. This is a replica of that very first garden gnome. One of my proudest possessions is the Royal Family of gnomes. Here is Prince Philip. A great man, and a great gnome.'

Stripper

The genial Duke of Edinburgh is reverently replaced in the corner cupboard, and from it is withdrawn a string of carrots covered with gold foil. 'My Christmas present to my wife: 18-carrot gold!

'I am a great believer in fun, because fun is rather better than most other things. My feeling is that when we get up tomorrow morning we may well be able to do without our tragic awareness for an hour or two, but we shall desperately need our sense of the comic. Let's enjoy all this. You are in the presence of somebody who almost shook the hand of General de Gaulle when he was at school – me, not the General – at The *Lycée*, Kensington.

'There are seven verses of the French national anthem and, for his visit in the 1950s, we learned them all. I was one of a select group lined up to meet him. Sadly, at the age of ten, at the end of the receiving line, I was of such diminutive stature that he missed me completely. I have, however, since been able to wash my hand without emotion.

'I used to be a professional comic. Well . . . My career as one was very short-lived. I did a little stint at Warrington on the same bill as Bernard Manning, making my debut. I was sharing a dressing room with a stripper. Her name had better escape me because one is always frightened of litigation. Anyway, I went in and there she was, bent over. ''Ullo, darlin'', she greeted me. ''Would you put the sequins on me bum?'' I was very pleased to be able to assist.

'I went on stage holding my briefcase, although goodness knows why. The place was like a low aircraft hangar. On either side of me were two topless dancers doing their stuff as I was attempting to do mine – and then Bernard Manning went on and I realized just how much I could never learn. Bernard is a brilliant comedian.

'I have done many things, but, as Mark Twain said, it's a matter of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair. This Christmas I have another book out; *Great Theatrical Disasters*. My own career as an actor has not been a triumph. The last cheque I received from my agent was for 58p, and that included VAT!

'I have also had a few disasters working for Cyril Fletcher as an after-dinner speaker. At Portsmouth I was in the middle of one of my choicest anecdotes when somebody in front of me had an apoplexy and died in the middle of the gag. I'm ashamed to say I continued, unperturbed, to get to the punchline, then I called a halt and the poor person was carted off. I reported it all to Cyril, who said: ''Marvellous. We'll put in on the bill. *With Brandreth They Die Laughing!*''

'Being president of the Oxford Union was great fun, but I've always suffered from a weak bladder. On my last night as president there were a thousand people present. Robert Morley had just spoken and Fanny Cradock was in the midst of a brilliant reply when I had the urge to go, all up there on my high presidential throne, resplendent in white bow and tails. I had no alternative but to get up and interrupt the great lady and ask the multitude to talk among themselves whilst I excused myself. Since that moment, I've been afraid of absolutely nothing.

'I was a disaster when I took over Godfrey Winn's column in *Woman* magazine when the great Godfrey died. They invited me to step into his slippers, which were fur-lined with little pom-poms. I was awful. The reason why Godfrey had been such a tremendous success was that he meant every word he wrote and the readers sensed it. Sincerity? Once you can fake *that*, you've got it made!

'A new development for me is that I have recently started writing fiction. I am sure you know what I mean – journalists do it all the time. I have now written a couple of novels for older children, and last summer *Now We Are Sixty* was performed at the Cambridge Festival with Julian Slade, and Aled Jones singing Christopher Robin. It is a play, of course, about Alan Milne – who is famous for, 60 years ago, inventing *Winnie The Pooh*.

'I am very lucky in the sense that I have never had a job, never been employed, and am doing at 38 exactly what I was doing at 18, and getting paid for it. Life has never really changed. I think it's marvellous. I like all the variety of it.' ♣

MY FAVOURITE GAG

'What is a Swiss kiss?
'A French one through which you yodel.'

Photographs by Rupert Daines

JOANNE

PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 4

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).

EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN EVERY CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION '(EXDEL)' INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. 'TITSYPOOH' IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MISS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PERSONAL ATTENDANT). 'PIGGY' IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. (UGGH!)

Monday:
Geoffrey Howe is by far the wittiest minister in the Cabinet. His stories and jokes are hilarious and his brilliant bubbling personality makes him one of the most accomplished men in the country.

I was passing his office, completely (exdelled) out, when he called me over.

To tell the truth I was slightly tight after a hard afternoon researching class stereotyping for the Standing Committee on Social Standards. I tried to pretend I hadn't seen him but he grabbed my arm and ushered me into his den. I felt a little strange in amongst his old school photos dressed, as I was, in my overalls, drunk and in considerable pain.

Oh Piggy! That was the day we played the princess and the window cleaner. The time you put your bucket down on the windowsill and caught your big hard snookumtube under the rim. But you didn't let a little circumcision put you off, Piggy. You're so brave! – Titsy.

But what I heard sobered me up quickly. Geoffrey asked for my help 'to get rid of the rates as quickly as possible!' I was amazed and delighted. The rating system has to go. As it stands, it allows the (exdel) socialists to rob those who haven't got a vote (it all comes from (exdel) business) and spend it on the fags, lesbos and ethnics who do. So, of course, your (exdel) loony left keep control of the (exdel) councils. They buy their way in!

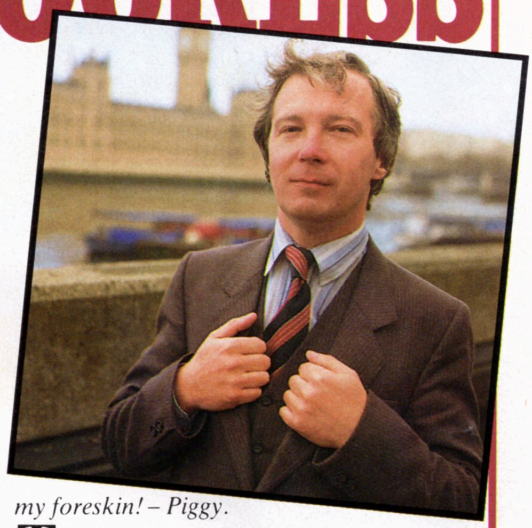
I thought that wet moo Maggie had chickened out on this one, but old Geoffrey restored my faith in the government!

It so happened I was to make a speech that night to my constituency Chamber of Commerce. I told them it was government policy to abolish the rates in the next session of Parliament. They gave me a standing ovation and I left, v. pleased.

After a brief consultation with my secretary, I went to bed. Have to be up early. I'm off to Blackpool to have a laugh at the Labour Party Conference.

If by a 'brief consultation' you mean making me dance around in 20 different pairs of knickers until you found one which got it up – and then finding that the split-crotch latex ones made you cream in your jeans – I think we should stick to memos in future! – Titsy. Vewy cross!

Come on, Tits, I did have three stitches in my foreskin! – Piggy.



Tuesday:
Who the hell thought of putting (exdel) cellular phones on (exdel) trains? There I was enjoying my Inter-City Sizzler and admiring the historic architecture of Stoke-on-Trent sliding past the window, when an (exdel) guard comes down the aisle yelling my name.

Number 10 was on the line!

Maggie Thatcher is an amazingly sexy little woman, but, when tense, her voice could shatter a duvet at 50 yards!

'Ernest,' she Fendered down the line at me (300 watt amp, distort full up, fuzzbox in with plenty of sustain!) 'Ernest, what the hell do you mean by plastering the papers with this rates rubbish!?'

I went totally deaf in my right ear and while I banged my head on the wall to clear it, left the phone dangling. Meanwhile, an

A bevy of beautiful women listen attentively to Hansard's rival

Inter City 125 going the other way acknowledged what the driver thought to be a greeting hoot from our train.

'Well, sweetheart,' I roared back. 'That silly (exdel) Geoff told me he wanted my help to get rid of the rates instanta. So that's what he got. And I'm glad you've come round to my way of thinking on this one.'

There was a howling noise on the other end of the phone. Then what sounded like a foreign secretary being rapped across the knuckles, although it might have been trouble on the line. Then Maggie was back.

'Rats!' she yelled.

'Rats to you too, you silly old (exdel)!' I replied (it pays to be direct with the PM).

'No, Ernest, Geoffrey wanted you to get rid of the *rats*. He thought you were the rodent operative dressed up in your overalls, him with just his reading glasses on! It was only after I interrogated him thoroughly that he thought back and realized that *no* rodent operative would say (exdel) and (exdel), not to mention (EXDEL!) to a minister of the Crown!

'Well, if it isn't government policy, it (exdel) should be,' I said. 'And it better be now, otherwise questions might be asked in the Press. Like can we trust a mumbling myopic (exdel) who can't tell a millionaire from an (exdel) rat catcher to be Foreign Secretary? Hell, Maggs, I *might* have been a commie spy!'

'I wish you (exdel) were, Ernest. Then I could (exdel) hang you,' she said, sounding more like a rodent operative every minute.

'Anyway it was a Manifesto promise,' I said.

Brrrrrrrrrr went the phone.

She had thrown her handset through the window without another word!

I laughed all the way to Blackpool.

Naughty Piggy, I think you knew very well what nice Sir Geoffrey said! If you've brought me back a stick of rock from Blackpool you know what you can jolly well do with it! – Tits.

Wednesday:

I always love the Labour Conference, it's such a laugh. I come as a delegate of the IFDU, of course, so I can get into most of the fringe meetings and they're by far the funniest.

That Tony Benn! I've actually seen cats laughing at his speeches.

Of course the best reason for coming is rather ruined now. In the old days the pretty girls were all socialists and they (exdelled) like the clappers of a Sunday (as we say down in Black Awton). A great time was had by all and all were had by most – marvellous, if you didn't mind picking up a dose of Aldermaston clap!

Not now. The Labour women are all man-hating puritans these days. Still randy, of course, but they hate men so much they end up (exdelling) the system, or each other.

I tell you, if the (exdel) lefties win next year's election they'll be locking us up for heterosexual bonking!

EDITOR'S NOTE: IFDU IS THE UNION OF INKERS AND FLONG DIPPERS. WHEN PILBEAM BEGAN AS A PUBLISHER HE NOT ONLY EDITED BUT PRINTED HIS FIRST NEWSPAPER. A UNION TICKET WAS ESSENTIAL. AS THE OLD SKILLS FADED OUT THE UNION REMAINED AS THE HOUSE ORGANIZATION FOR WORKERS OF THE PILBEAM PRESS. IT IS STILL AFFILIATED TO THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE TUC, BOTH OF WHICH THINK OF GETTING RID OF IT EVERY YEAR BUT NEVER DO. THIS WOULD NOT BE EASY AS PILBEAM IS AN ARDENT TRADE UNIONIST. HE HAS NEVER YET CALLED FOR A STRIKE AGAINST HIMSELF, BUT HIS SHOP STEWARDS BELIEVE HIM QUITE CAPABLE OF IT, ESPECIALLY IF AS TIRED AND EMOTIONAL AS A NEWT.

The red-nosed sot in self-protective gesture, but wrong end of the tit again

All hell up yesterday. As soon as I got off the train the Fleet Street boys were on me. I just said 'no comment' to everyone who mentioned rates. Even my own reporters.

NO COMMENT was the headline on all today's editions with a picture of me saying it. Not on the TV news, though. The (exdel) reds on the Beeb just showed one shot of me and then that Scottish git popped up and said I was 'evasive and secretive' when questioned about the rates issue.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE USE OF FILM BY THE BBC IS OFTEN CRITICISED, BUT IN THIS CASE IT IS LIKELY THAT EDITING WAS NECESSARY AS PILBEAM, DESPITE WHAT HE CLAIMS HERE, ACTUALLY SAID '(EXDEL) OFF' TO REPORTERS WHO MENTIONED THE RATES.

Laughed like an (exdel) this afternoon, watching Denis Healey speak. We all know Healey's a sound man on defence, as keen to give Her Majesty's enemies a smack as anyone. We also know where he stood on sanctions against South Africa and all that sort of thing. And I've certainly never heard it said that he had much time for homos and dykes and that crowd.

And yet there he was, on a platform that just creaked with lefties. Speaking to a hall full of 'em. Hearing him fudge and obfuscate his way around everything they believe in which he doesn't (which is almost everything) was a joy. Like watching a man tap dancing on a trapeze. It is not done well, but you are amazed it is done at all.

I laughed one hell of a lot and got plenty of dirty looks from the trots around me. Poor old Den, he stood out like John Holmes on a nudist beach. It is so obvious that he is in the wrong party.

I said as much to him when we fell over each other in the bar.

'Listen, Ern,' he said. 'Those (exdels) are not running me out of my own party. I'll stick it out until we're back in power and then watch me screw the (exdels)!'

Thursday:

Great laugh at the Socialist Re-education fringe affair. I'd tried to get into the Lesbian Re-education Group, but they wouldn't let me in. Said because I'm a man.

I shall complain to the sexual equality (exdels). Won't do any good. Women discriminating against men is OK apparently. But the Re-education galas were just as good. Lot of loony wet teachers saying how they are going to educate kids to understand that homosexuality is a perfectly normal expression of human sexuality.

I caused a bit of a stir. Said that normal meant 'typical' in my dictionary and if brown-hatting is typical human behaviour we'd have died out long ago.

Some (exdel) said shirt-lifting was a fact of life, and, therefore, normal.

Said: 'Lots of (exdel) queer goings on are facts of life, ducky, but that doesn't make them normal.'

And the poufs turned on me. I'm afraid I may have lost my temper a bit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM'S LOSS OF PATIENCE LED TO FIVE CHARGES OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY, TWO OF ACTUAL ASSAULT, A LARGE BILL FOR A WRECKED CHURCH HALL AND TWO ACCOUNTS FOR SPOILED UNDERPANTS. FACT: ERNEST PILBEAM WAS ALL-ENGLAND CORNISH WRESTLING CHAMPION IN 1972.

Friday:

Very weird party after the meeting last night. Three of those dykey ladies grabbed the shadow minister of Social Standards, stripped him naked and held him down while a fourth pretended she was going to stick one of those rubber rings they castrate pigs with over his (exdels).

She was only half-joking. But the funny thing was that being held down like that gave the chap a stand! Interesting.

This disgusting business seemed to excite

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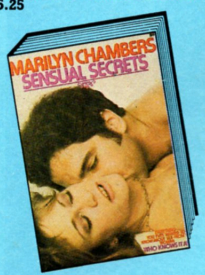

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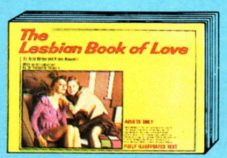

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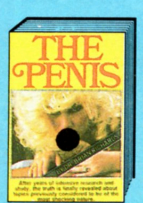

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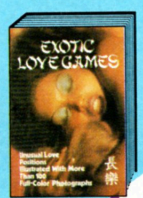

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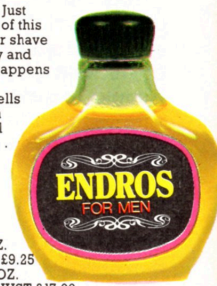

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CI

Pilbeam considering a Health Bill, making it an offence to wear knickers, tights or trousers

the other weird women and I got off with someone's parliamentary secretary. 'Lefty', I called her.

She was bragging about how the next Labour government would put women in the driving seat. Showed me a draft Bill called A BILL TO REGULATE THE OWNERSHIP OF PENES. According to this, the penis is no longer gong to be considered the property of the man it grows on, but, under the re-defined terminology of feminist linguistics, will be considered the joint property of consenting couples, to be used equally by man and woman upon consenting man and woman. Or some such tosh.

'I suppose you're going to have it divided equally between the parties in case of divorce,' I joked.

She looked at me very seriously. 'What a great idea,' she said.

I think I'm developing a castration complex!

The odd thing was that once she'd told me, she got all feminine and demanded I take her somewhere and spank her bottom for being a naughty girl.

Took her to my bedroom but hardly had she got her nick knacks down than a photographer jumped out of the cupboard and ruined everything.

It was that (exdel) Doon!

Memo: Titsy, please write to Bowelbreath Bates and instruct him to send Doon for close-ups of bubonic plague victims as soon as possible.

EDITOR'S NOTE: ERNST DOON IS A PHOTOGRAPHER WITH *THE TRUTH*, PILBEAM'S MAIN NEWSPAPER. HE TOOK THE PICTURES WHICH WE PUBLISH HERE AND USED THEM TO BLACKMAIL HIMSELF A £1000 A WEEK JOB ON THE PAPER. HE IS CURRENTLY TESTING ELECTRIC CHAIRS FOR A FEATURE ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THAT JOURNAL.

Saturday:
Back in the constituency for urgent consultations with my local party. Don't feel like it. I'm hung over and I fear I've got a dose of the Greenham Common krutt (that's why I didn't come to see you last night, Titsy).

That odd girl came back and used our joint penis on me very thoroughly. I shall probably have twins.

Looking back though it seems odd that sexual quirks should be turned into matters of public policy. If this sort of thing goes on we will soon have health laws making it an offence for women to wear knickers, tights or trousers.

Piggy, didn't you suggest that at the party conference a few years ago?

Thinking about that scene it strikes me there is something of masochism in the Labour Party defence policy. They never seem content unless they are utterly helpless.

I must think more about this. Sex and political policy sounds like a juicy subject for a book.

I was just setting out for my meeting when the Chief Whip came by. Said I was in dead trouble with Maggie and she was determined to get rid of me. Probably by kicking me into the Lords. I told him to (exdel) off as I was writing my speech for our Conference at Bournemouth, and I wanted it to be especially effective. That made him think. They can't stop me speaking, either. There's a debate on Social Standards and I'm on the (exdel) Standing Committee!

Amazing scene at the Conservative Club. I got it all wrong. I wasn't being bollocked, I was required to meet a deputation of social workers who were most upset.

Seems the local Social-Worker-in-Chief, a Bongolese gent by the name of M'Bingo or something, had advertised for more staff.

The trouble was that when the applications came in the old sod was discovered ripping up all those that didn't come from 'ethnic minority representatives'. 'Natives', as we call them in Black Awton.

The social workers were shouting unfair.

I couldn't understand why. The Thames Marsh Council has a policy of reverse discrimination in Social Work. They want more ethnics doing it.

I asked the deputation if they supported that policy. All bleeding-heart liberals, of course, and they agreed that they did.

'Seems to me,' I said, 'that all Mr M'Bingo is doing is carrying out that policy in a direct, if unorthodox fashion. At the same time saving a lot of white applicants long journeys to useless interviews for jobs they won't get. OK?'

It wasn't OK. They all raved in a confused manner. Poor sods. They mean well. But they can't think. They support these daffy ideas as a gesture thinking, somehow, that no matter what they change, everything will stay the same. I've no patience with 'em.

Sunday:
Summoned to Chequers this pm to meet Margaret (that PM). All smiles and dulcet tones. She'd been reading a copy of my proposed speech to Conference. All about rates, as it happens.

'Don't you think, Ernest,' she dulcetted, 'that you might speak on a subject more relevant to Social Standards?'

'But lovey,' I snorted, 'I've written it now. I mean, I might write another, but I got so many things on my mind.'

'Like what, Ernest?'

'Like you getting me kicked upstairs, or de-selected, or stuffed in some (exdel) dustbin somewhere.'

'Oh no question of that, Ernest. I have the utmost confidence in you. May I?'

She flexed the speech between her fingers and, at my nod, shredded it.

Suits me. The other copy is with Bowel-Breath Bates who, although he doesn't know it yet, is using it as tomorrow's leader in *The Truth*.

Why not. That's what I wrote it for.

May have to sack Bates for using it, of course. And Titsy for sending it to him. Sorry, Tits.

Piggy: If you sack me I might just leave your diary on a bus! – Love, Titsy.

The man himself again, tired and emotional as a newt, with sympathetic friend

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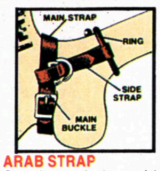

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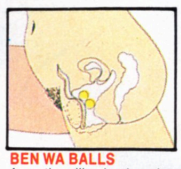

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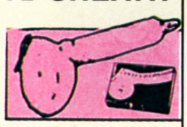

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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

The London residential property boom gains momentum.

'I really think we should take advantage of the situation.'

'Charles! Remove your hand this instant! It happens every time I wear black stockings, and I've just about had – '

Charles Eaton-Squire groans in exasperation and passes his maddeningly attractive young wife the property pages, stabbing a ringed paragraph with his chubby, nicotine-stained finger.

'The property situation, you chump! Just LOOK what Brigadier Fortescue is asking for No 33! That makes ours worth, let me see . . . half a mill!'

Henrietta Eaton-Squire reacts to the news the only way she knows, when it comes to unearned profit situations: a sudden quickening of the pulse and an involuntary moistening of the labia minora.

'Gawsh! I say! Why don't you take your jimmy-jams awf?'

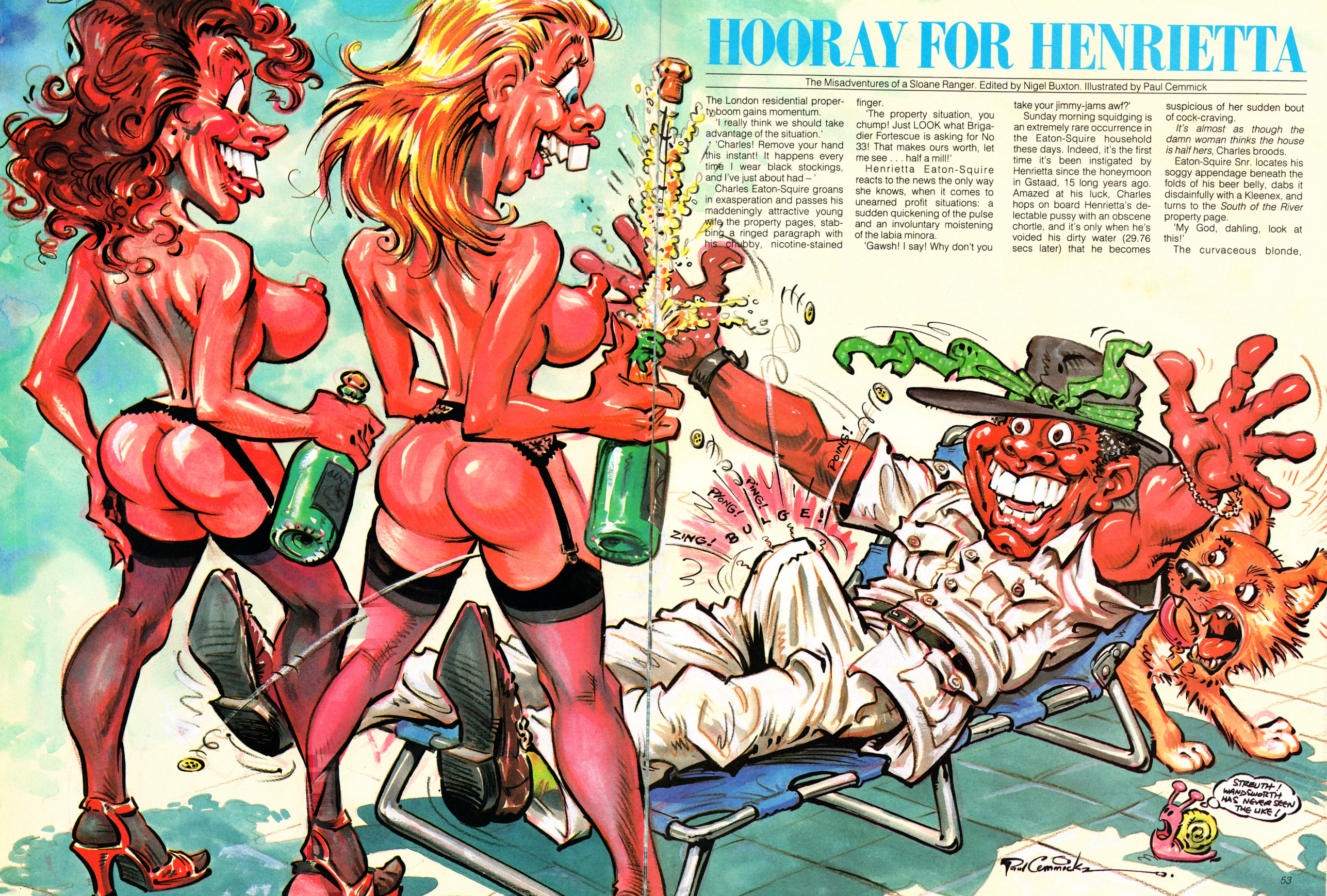
Sunday morning squidging is an extremely rare occurrence in the Eaton-Squire household these days. Indeed, it's the first time it's been instigated by Henrietta since the honeymoon in Gstaad, 15 long years ago. Amazed at his luck, Charles hops on board Henrietta's delectable pussy with an obscene chortle, and it's only when he's voided his dirty water (29.76 secs later) that he becomes suspicious of her sudden bout of cock-craving.

It's almost as though the damn woman thinks the house is half hers, Charles broods.

Eaton-Squire Snr. locates his soggy appendage beneath the folds of his beer belly, dabs it disdainfully with a Kleenex, and turns to the *South of the River* property page.

'My God, dahling, look at this!'

The curvaceous blonde,



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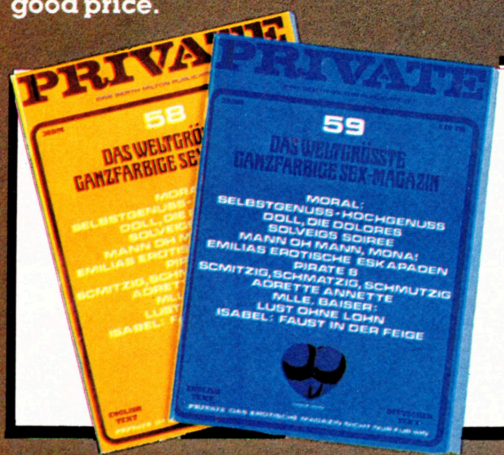

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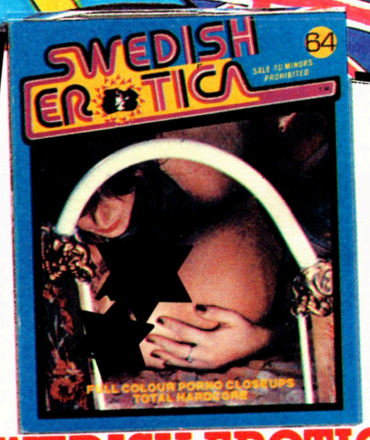

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Tobyward Ltd.

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

more concerned with massaging her hot-spot beneath the sheets than the going rate for Tooting maisonettes, looks blowsily over her shoulder.

'It's not hard again already, is it?'

'Four bedrooms, 100-foot garden, off-road parking, £160,000 freehold. My God! We could sell up and pocket a cool – '

'Where, dahling, where? Knightsbridge? St John's Wood? Totteridge?'

'Wandsworth, ectuelleh.'

Henrietta gags at the very mention of the word, and, overcome by a wave of nausea, leaps out of bed and makes for the *en-suite* bathroom.

Paranoid

'Wandsworth? Have you gone stark, staring mad?' she rasps, on her hands and knees over the toilet bowl, retching, but finding nothing.

'Frankly, I think it all adds up,' says Charles, oblivious to his wife's paranoid outburst. 'Tory stronghold, low rates, bigger garden, the Fergie connection, 300 fat ones in the bank . . .'

'HOW many, dahling?' asks Henrietta.

'Three hundred. And if, perchance, little Smoochie Bear feels up to parting her lips for little Peter a second time, there might be a new GTI and a few frocks in it for her.'

'For me? For little mee-wee?' asks Henrietta coyly, turning to face her long-suffering husband, resting her immaculately-turned bottom on the porcelain wash bowl rim and spreading her statuesque thighs. 'By the time I've finished fucking you, Errol Bigwinkle-Flynn, you'll be talking Bentley Continentals!'

To his astonishment, the portly stockbroker finds himself thrown flat on his back, in Henrietta's mad clamour to straddle his aristocratic nose with her blonde-tufted widge.

Buttock-Hugging

'Guh!' he grunts, as his conk disappears into the dank darkness of Henrietta's sex. 'Guh!'

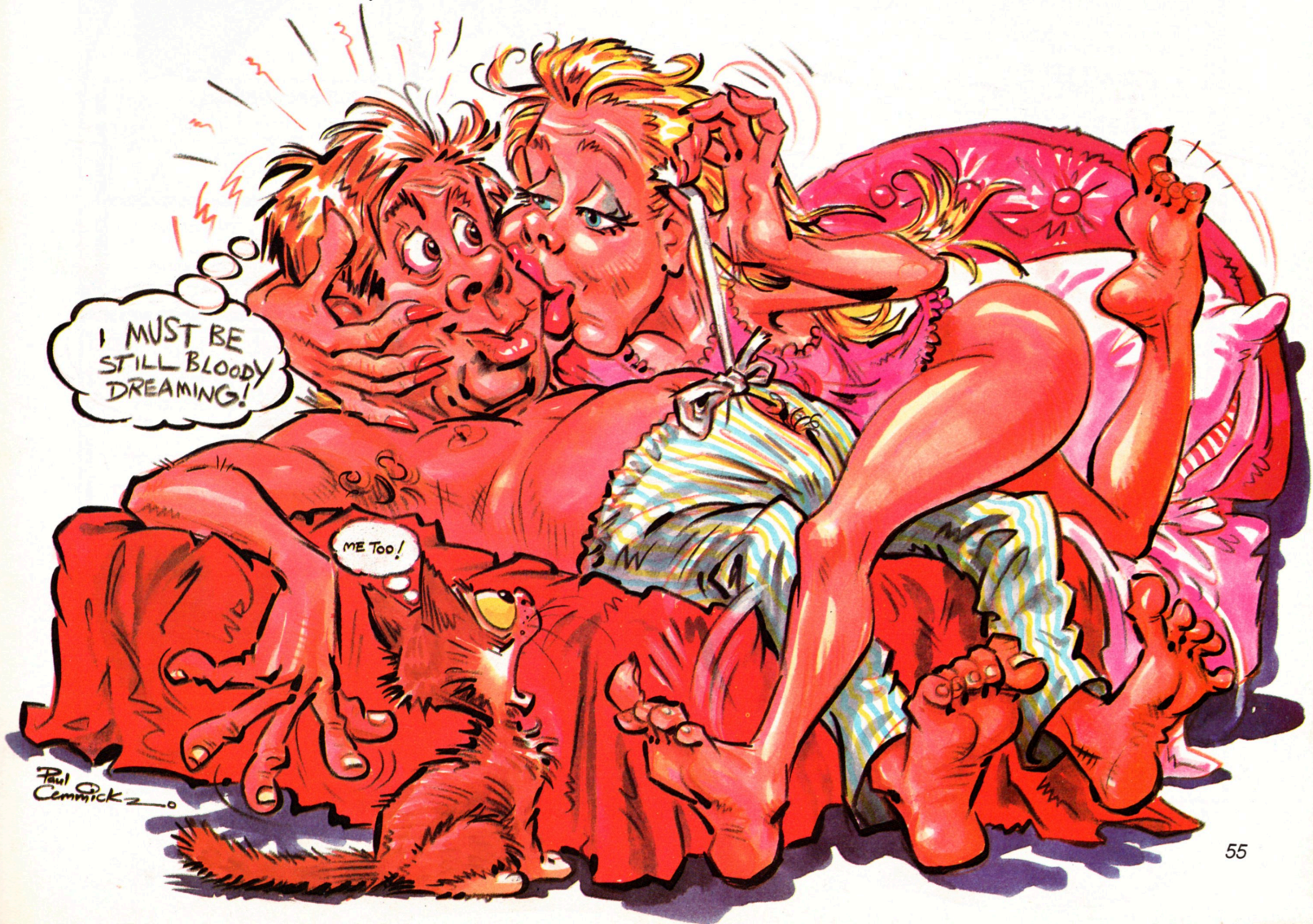
Frankly (dahling), the vast profit accrued from selling one's wisteria-clad freehold in SW3 and moving south of the Thames helps minimalize one's wife's emotional upheaval. So what if the neighbours still use a washing line, grow cabbages, and use paraffin heaters? So what if the other neighbour is West Indian?

So what, indeed! Henrietta awakes from her siesta (one invariably gets SO sloshed lunching with Miranda Blashford-Smith) and opens the blinds of the yet-undecorated bedroom. Young Winston's doing press-ups in his back garden again, wearing nothing but those unspeakably ghastly, absurdly short, buttock-hugging red satin shorts. Henrietta counts as his biceps pump away – 15, 16, 17, 18 – and her mind begins to wander as – 23, 24, 25, 26 – she imagines herself the victim of those powerful thrusts. At 50, Winston leaps triumphantly to his feet and looks up, to catch his delectable new neighbour, utterly naked, spying on him. Sensing imminent damage to the crotch of his sprint shorts, Winston makes a dash for the outside loo as the sassy Chelsea-ite ducks from view.

So this is Wandsworth!

A week later, having dispensed with the decorator and the curtains man from Peter Jones, Henrietta invites Sophie Carter-Jones, her old mucker from boarding school days,

Henrietta counts as his biceps pump away and her mind begins to wander as she imagines herself the victim of those powerful thrusts . . .



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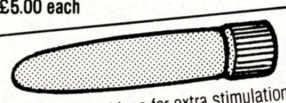

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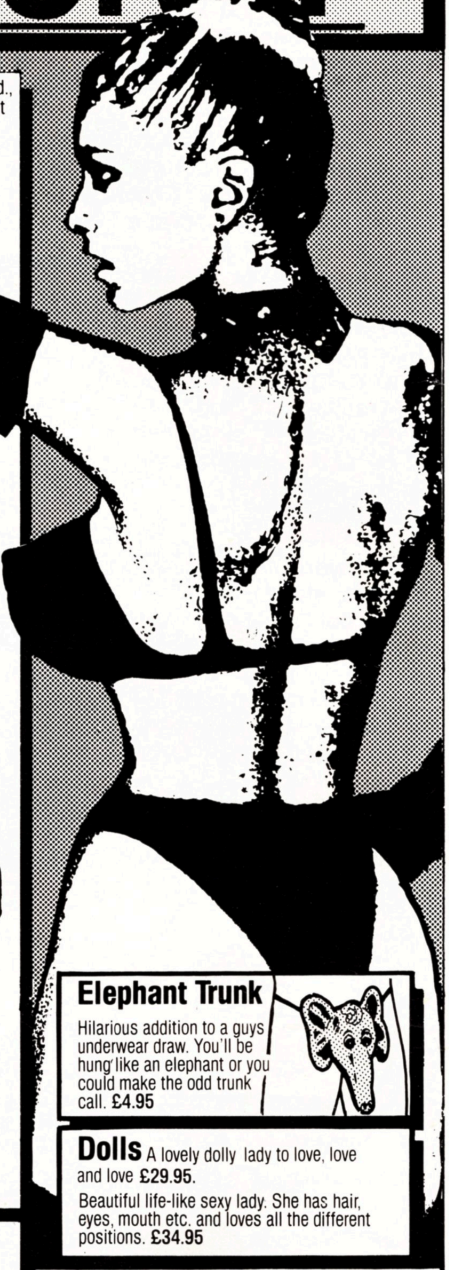

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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

over for lunch, preceded by a bottle of house champagne at Henry's Wine Bar, off Lavender Hill. In the middle of their jolly hockey sticks reminiscences, Sophie looks up, startled.

'God, dahling, I think we're about to be mugged.'

But it's Winston from No 31, cool as a cuke in white safari suit and a black, wide-brimmed, Superfly hat. With a turquoise sash.

'Hey, Baby! Woss 'appnin'?'

'I've only got £3.75 and my Harrods account card,' says Sophie, rummaging in her handbag. 'You can have my Rolex if you like, but I'm afraid it's seen better days and – '

'Sophie, this is Winston, our new neighbour,' says Henrietta, crossing and uncrossing her legs. 'Won't you join us for a glass of shampoo?'

'Don't mind if I do,' grins the handsome young fitness freak. 'You ladies want to party-down on a Monday morning, that's fine by me. Waiter! Another glass, my man – and another bottle. Hey, all right! Let's get loaded!'

Sophie, utterly appalled, downs a whole glass of champagne to steady her nerves – and belches.

'Gawsh! Frightfully sorry about that. God, if mummy could see me now! Hic! I say!'

It being a sunny Monday, and Charles not due home until late (having been invited evening racing at Windsor by his boss), and what with being absolutely plastered with one's old school chum who's even more plastered than oneself, one is beginning to feel rather frisky.

Enormous Bulge

'Why don't we all go back to my place for a quiche?' suggests Henrietta, accidentally plunging her hand into Winston's crotch beneath the table, only to find Sophie's fingers there ahead of her.

'You can quiche me any place you want!' quips Winston, lamely, getting to his feet and sweeping the glasses off the table with the enormous bulge between his legs.

'Say hello to the ladies, you big, clumsy, one-eyed motherfucker!'

'God, steady on there!' squeals Sophie, her top rendered all but transparent by the torrent of cheap bubbly. And, mesmerized by Winston's rampant manhood: 'I say, Henny, do you remember the night you smuggled that cucumber into the dorm and that dreadful Evangeline Mossop-Hogg selling the Polaroids to that ghastly Swedish chappie and pocketing all the cash? God, what an absolute rotter!'

And so our unlikely trio wend their way, somewhat unsteadily, to the new Eaton-Squire HQ at Bangalore Rd, S.W.18, Henrietta and Sophie Carter-Jones hell-bent on initiating Winston into the weird and wonderful ways of Sloanedom: quiche, patios, Sancerre, VW Golfs, huskies, barbours, green wellies, Peter Jones charge accounts, deviant sex and all.

> Nudging and winking like it's going out of style, our two Sloane sluts disappear into the dining room where they hastily unzip their skirts and unbutton their blouses . . .

Sophie and Henrietta's young neighbour lounge on the patio while the lady of the house, too far gone to contemplate cooking so much as a toasted cheese sandwich, shakes her pretty head to rid herself of that jolly annoying double vision, and takes a bottle of Pouilly Fumé from the fridge.

In the manner of a Belgravia lady born and bred, Sophie Carter-Jones hurls her wine glass across the lawn and yells for a mug:

'If one is about to get legless, AND laid, one sees little point in drinking out of a blasted egg cup!'

Winston, meanwhile, lies flat on the York stone flags, happily singing Dennis Brown's greatest hits, out of key. Nudging and winking like it's going out of style, our two Sloane sluts disappear into the dining room, where they hastily unzip their skirts and unbutton their blouses. Neither are wearing bras, though Sophie is a little taken aback to discover her old school chum is pantieless.

'Gawsh, Henny – I say!'

They return to the patio, where Winston lies, gurgling unintelligibly, swigging from the bottle. He looks up, squinting in the sunlight, to see a most wondrous, groin-stirring apparition: two supersophisticated, sloshed-sideways Sloane Rangers, naked but for their stockings and suspender belts, standing over him, hands on hips.

'I think one's bedroom would be a jolly sight more comfy,' suggests Henrietta, as Winston's trouser crotch tears asunder, fly buttons pinging off the walls like machine-gun bullets. The young athlete gets to his feet, holding his lips together to prevent his tongue from lolling from the corner of his mouth.

Jolly Rude

'Now then,' says Sophie Carter-Jones, patting his tight bottom and pointing him in the direction of the staircase. 'About this clumsy, one-eyed motherfucker of yours . . .'

What follows, dear reader, is as predictable as it is, well, jolly rude.

'Henrietta says you can do 50 press-ups,' says Sophie, tearing Winston's shirt off his back while her chum busies herself with (what's left of) his trousers. Then, vaulting on to Charles' and Henrietta's hand-made Heal's mattress and shamelessly spreading her legs: 'Now let's see if you can make it a hundred!'

Winston is on her in a flash, biceps flexing, groin pounding, while Henrietta, somewhat miffed at being pipped to the post in the Nymphomania Stakes, sulks.

Determined to prevent the possibility of her chum hogging Winston's weapon all night long, Henrietta pulls up a chair and, slipping her right hand under Winston's muscular bum, tickles the root of his rampant cow-prod.

'Jolly well not fair!' sulks Henrietta. 'Me want cocky, too!'

But, it is becoming increasingly obvious Ms Carter-Jones is not about to divest her nether regions of her heavensent torpedo, Henrietta climbs on the bed, straddles her girlfriend's (really rather fetching, ectuelleh) features, and commences a frantic tongue-kissing with her next-door neighbour.

But a terrifying, strangulated wail stops them in their tracks.

'Oi Winston! Oi! You got my Winston up there, missus?'

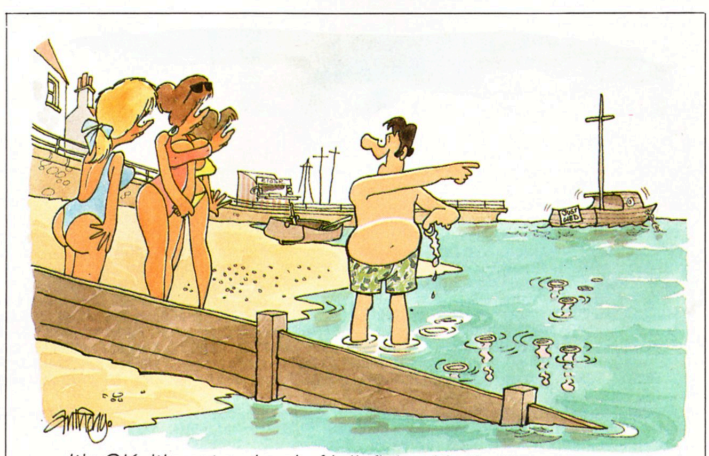
Looking over her shoulder, out of the bedroom window, Henrietta sees Winston's portly mother, leaning over the garden fence.

'Yah, ectuelleh!' yells Henrietta.

'Well tell the little bleeder 'is tea's gettin' cold!'

'Coming, ma!' shouts the musclebound lad, wiping the sweat from his brow with Sophie's knickers. 'Coming this very second!'

'Guh!' says Sophie Carter-Jones. 'Guh!' ♣



It's OK, it's not a shoal of jellyfish – it's that honeymoon couple over there

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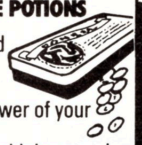

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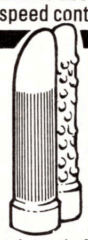

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club Event

This was one that *all* the girls wanted to take part in. After all, they were unanimous in their agreement that bedtime is, without question, their favourite time of day.

The reasons given by our sexy seven came out thus: two girls said they loved sleeping, and any other under-duvet activity merely got in the way of their slumber; four reckoned beddy-byes was the time when they were *really* able to show all their best qualities to their boyfriends; and one (who shall definitely remain nameless) told us of an activity that had all our eyebrows raised, and would certainly have us removed from the news-stands if we published what it was. Naughty girl!

One thing's for sure: Sleeping Beauty wouldn't have been kipping for long if this lot had been in the same bed. She wouldn't have looked out of place, mind you.

The noise and the activity seemed to be never-ending. This was fine by us, because, as the bed bounced up and down, so did the girls' tits. All 14 of them. Their tight, little bums wobbled. And there was the occasional quivering of a pussy flap, too.

The final irony? None of us could sleep that night for thinking about it . . .

Photographs by Paul Diamond

club SOAP

BEST

SWITCH ON TO THE ALTERNATIVE CHANNEL IN BRITAIN'S

EPISODE FOUR

SCENE 1. LIL'S SEX SHOP

LIL picks up her packet of Kensitas from the counter, but, to her dismay, finds it empty. She turns it upside down and shakes it irritably, showering her dozing cat, Latex, with a cloud of golden tobacco dust. The cat wrinkles its nose and sneezes fitfully, but its dreams of haddock nirvana remain undisturbed. LIL hurls the empty packet at the bin and sighs heavily. She begins to nibble at a discoloured fingernail, smacking her lips at the taste of nicotine. Just then the strip curtains part with a flutter and in comes WIN, the cafe proprietress from across the street.

LIL: Hello, Win. You ain't got a gasper on you, have yer? I'm dying for one, but I can't leave the premises unattended.

WIN: Sorry, luv – I've just given up. Lew's been on at me for dropping me fag ash all over the dinners. I don't reckon anybody ever noticed, meself. Probably improved 'em. They were called Win & Lew's Special Mixed Grills after all . . .

The women both cackle heartily until LIL breaks off in a paroxysm of unhealthy coughing.

LIL: Anyway, Win, what brings you into my establishment? I thought you and Lew gave up all that sex and passion lark years ago.

WIN: Maybe Lew did, but a woman has her desires, don't she, Lil?

LIL: You got a secret lover, then? A bit on the side?

WIN: Wouldn't so much call him a bit on the side as a lot on the front!

The women cackle hysterically again.

LIL: Sounds like my kind of bloke. Who is he, then?

WIN: Ah. That's for me to know and you to guess, Lil.

LIL: You'd better be careful then. It ain't easy to keep secrets round these parts . . .

WIN: Well . . . I'll just be having a browse round your shelves, if that's alright with you, Lil.

LIL: Course, luv. Just ask if you want any advice.

SCENE 2. THE PEEP-SHOW

As TRACY goes through her usual routine for the patrons, SHARON sits in a chair, her bandaged ankle up on a stool. There are only two letter-box flaps open on the proceedings, through one of which a punter shouts.

PUNTER: (Voice off) Ere, you in the chair. Show us a leg, luv.

SHARON: You trying to be funny, mister?

PUNTER: No, honest. I gotta fetish about dolly birds with their feet in bondage.

SHARON: This ain't bondage, you silly twat. This is an industrial injury brought about by trying to entertain ungrateful sods like you.

PUNTER: Oh, yeah – any excuse for a bit of kinky stuff. You Soho birds are all the same.

SHARON: You slanderous git.

TRACY: Oh, don't bother with him, Sharon. You won't get anywhere with ignorant oiks like that. There's only one way to deal with 'em properly.

TRACY moves out of the punter's line of vision, playing all her pubic pirouetting to the other patron.

PUNTER: Oi, come back. I paid good money to come in here. I want my fifty pee's worth or I'll complain to the Weights and Measures. You can't treat me like this, I'm an honest citizen –

The letter-box flap slams down with a mocking clang, cutting him off so that all we hear is a muffled barrage of verbal abuse.

SHARON: (Admiringly) You really know how to deal with 'em, Trace. (She slides a stick of Wrigley's between her ruby lips and chews meditatively). How's your open thingy going these days?

TRACY: What, me Open University? Fantastic. Bit of a drag getting up at half six to watch The Role of Polymers in Urban Housing, but me tutor reckons I'm doing really well.

SHARON: Chew Tah? Who's he, then, some Chinky bloke or summat?

TRACY: No, tutor – he's like the bloke who looks after me welfare. Dead dishy he is 'n' all. He's got a corduroy jacket and a pipe.

SHARON: Me dad used to smoke a pipe. Made me puke. That's why I didn't get no CSEs. Every time I tries to get me books out and do me homework he starts filling the room with bleeding smoke and tossing his dead matches everywhere. I just used to give up and go down the Youth Club with Tone.

CUT TO SCENE 3. EXTERIOR MARKET

It is a glorious summer day at the height of the tourist season and DAVE the barrow-boy is trying to charm a gaggle of American tourists with his authentic costermonger spiel and a fistful of broccoli.

DAVE: Cam on, folks – and that includes you, me Transatlantic cousins there – get yer Hampstead

TENDERS

NAUGHTIEST SQUARE MILE. SCRIPT BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

round a nice bunch of broccoli. Good old English grub, that's what I'm offering. The true taste of Shakespeare's England, fruit and veg with an 'eritage . . .

TOURIST: (To her husband) Say, Wilbur, you know what this goddam guy's talking about? I can't make out a word he's saying.

WILBUR: Gee, Martha, seems like he's got the same broccoli that Shakespeare had for his brunch while he was penning the Merchant of Vienna . . .

MARTHA: Hell, Wilbur, it must be way past its sell-by date. It's time someone told these goddam limeys about refrigeration.

The tourists pass on, leaving a disappointed DAVE to throw down the broccoli and light up a cigarette. Then he brightens up as ANGIE passes by on her way to work.

ANGIE: Trying yer old Cockney charm on them Yanks again, Dave?

DAVE: Them bleedin' Yanks wouldn't recognize an authentic Cockney if he did a knees-up Mother Brown on their stetsons . . .

ANGIE: Never mind, luv. Hey, why don't you pop round and see us in me lunch break and tell me who put the cock in Cockney?

DAVE: Yeah, I might just do that, Ange. I'll bring yer a free melon 'n' all. Not that it'll be anything like a match for your own majestic feminine fruits . . .

ANGIE: (Flattered) Aw, leave it out, you poetic bleeder . . .

CUT TO SCENE 4. LIL'S SEX SHOP

LIL is looking increasingly exasperated and has taken to smoking a biro with the ink tube taken out.

WIN: You are in a bad way, Lil. Ere, I'll look after the shop while you nip out and get yourself another packet.

LIL smiles gratefully and dashes out of the shop. WIN sits in Lil's stool at the counter and flicks through a catalogue of sex aids and exotic lingerie, clucking in amazement to herself. Suddenly she jumps several feet in the air as a cold and scaly hand slides up her leg and twangs her suspender elastic.

WIN: Help! Police! I'm being molested!

She turns to find GRAHAM WITTERS behind her, his grin vanishing rapidly as he realizes who it is.

GRAHAM: Oo-er, sorry, Mrs Blaggit. I thought it was Lil. I always have a quick twang when I pop in and see her.

WIN: (Intrigued) Oh, you do, do you? That's interesting.

GRAHAM: A bit of playfulness, that's all it is.

WIN: Yes, course it is, Mr Witters.

LIL crashes through the strip curtains, blowing out a nimbus cloud of smoke and grinning happily. She catches sight of WIN, who gives her a very old-fashioned look.

Will Tracy explain the relevance of polymers in their lives? Will Angie swop her melons in exchange for a marrow? Will Win leave off spreading margarine and start spreading rumours? Why not spread out £1.30 and tune into next month's episode . . .

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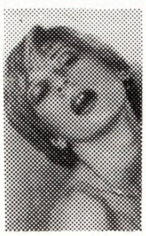

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Beautiful ravers who can liven up any male in 30 seconds flat. Soon everyone's joining in and given the chance so would you.

Video Show

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VIDEO COLLECTIONS
Dept **CI** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN

The French Connection

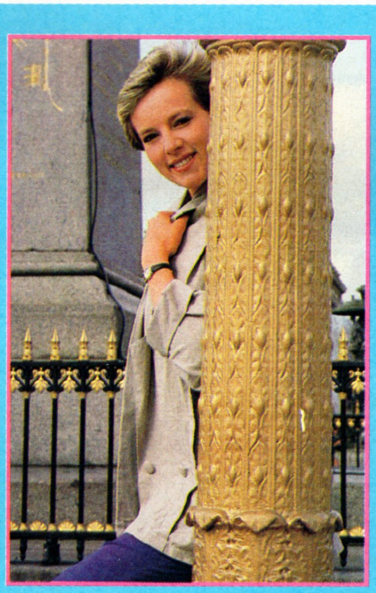
Some guys (and gals) have all the luck. Photographer Stephane Jourdain was so impressed by our pictures of Caroline in Vol 15 No 8 – and weren't we all, come to that – he was soon on the dog 'n' bone to *Sarf Lunnun*, pleading with the Norwood nubile to wend her way to Paris so he could practise his artistic skills on her. *And* take some photographs. All expenses-paid, of course, with *plus de francs* spending money.

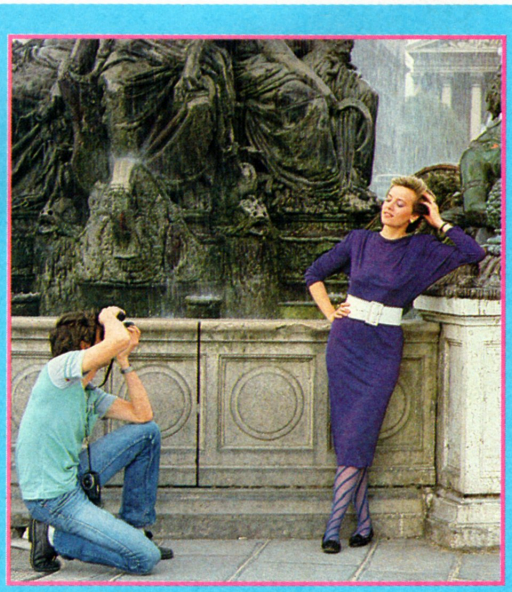
'A girl just doesn't pass up an offer like that,' was Caroline's very reasonable opinion of the situation. 'When you consider the only other offer I'd had was to help a friend do the stocktaking at her shop in Streatham High Street, you can understand why I nipped down the travel agent's a bit sharpish, like.

'It was really smashing. All the clothes I'm wearing in the pictures were bought in Paris – and they cost a few bob, mind – for the picture session, and you could've knocked me sideways when I was told I could keep 'em. All I could say at the time was 'luvaduck!'

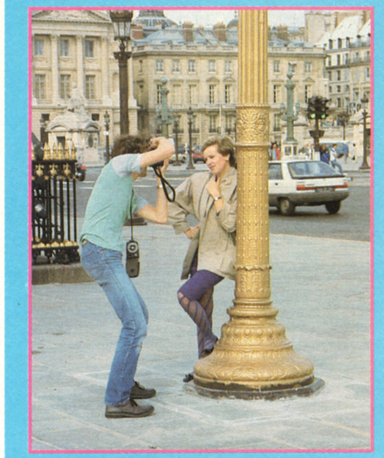
'A couple of the French blokes assisting with the shoot found that quite cute: which kind of made it all-square, really, because I found *them* quite cute, too . . .'

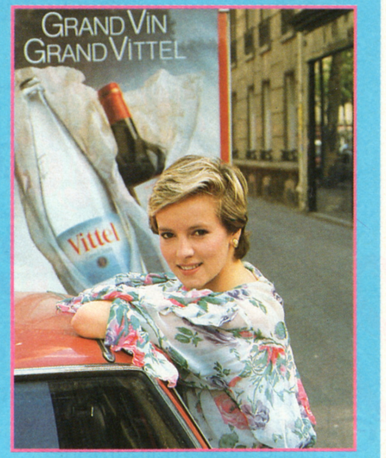
At this point we thought it best to call *finis*, before Caroline gave away too much about her own personal *entente cordial* . . .





Photographs by Stephane Jourdain

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Peter and Milly. (Surrey).

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Nigel and Karen. (W. Yorkshire).

Nigel had been working late most nights as a Computer Programmer. I'd nearly given up hope when he answered the phone that week-end ... We met, and thanks to Datalink, were married on April 4th.

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In simple terms ... everyone! We have Members of all ages and from every walk of life. Professional, manual, students ... yes even titled people.
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Surname _____

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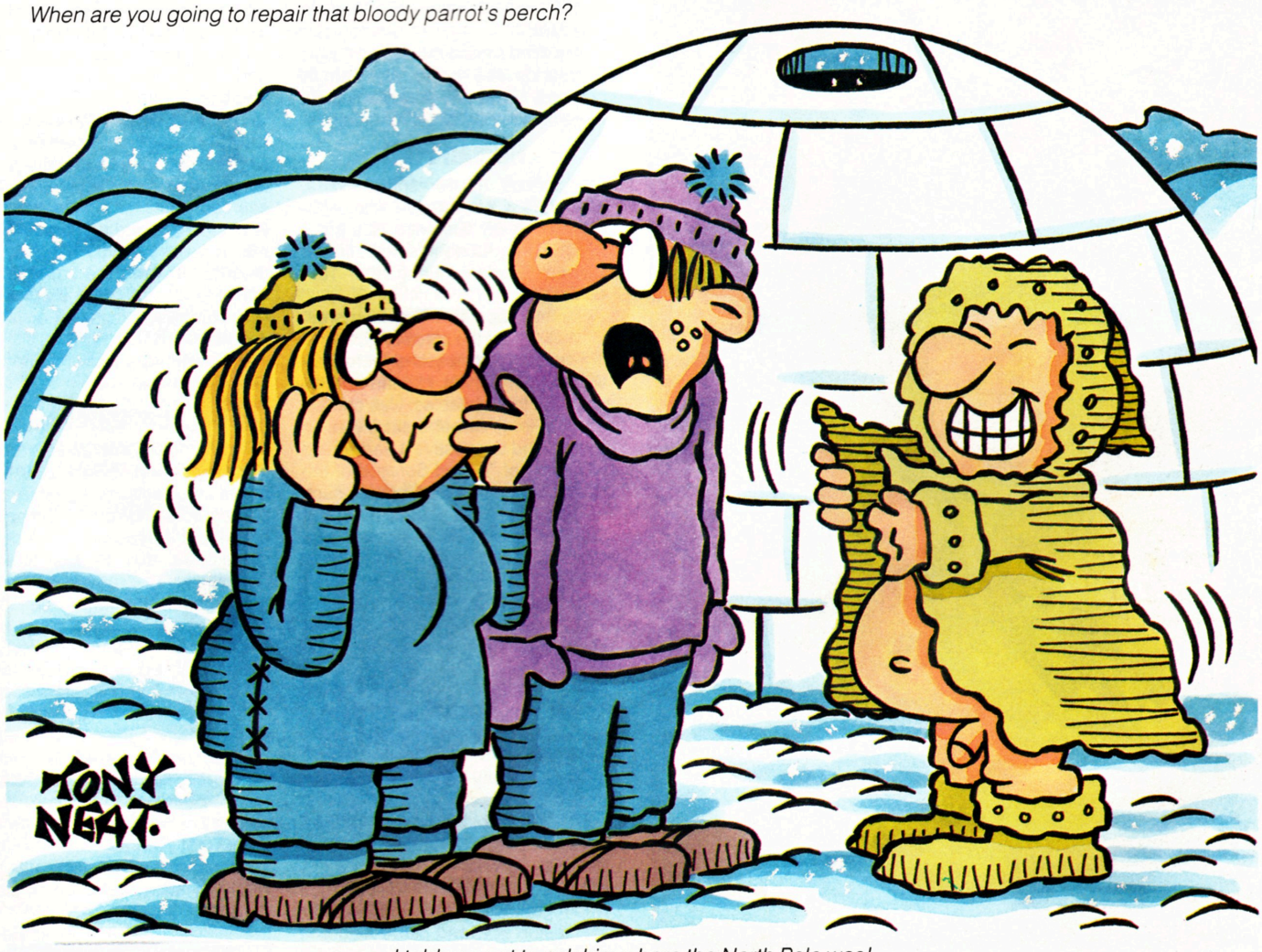
G·A·G Lines

When are you going to repair that bloody parrot's perch?

Miss Tinsdale – hold all my calls for the next thirty seconds



I told you not to ask him where the North Pole was!

BED, BOOK AN

It's a measure of the sheer fertility of JIMMY DOYLE'S imagination that, when the man falls asleep, he dreams of toast. Why, he's even been reading about Toasts. Nothing to do with cheese, marmalade or beans, though. The only beans in evidence here are the ones he spills to CATHY. Read on . . .

Joan Crawford's butch showdown, and very nearly a bullet in the head

Last night I dreamed of Cathy, making toast for me in her lilac underwear. While butter ran across the surface, seeping through the small vents, I watched her paint a pair of white stiletto heels the darkest red I'd ever seen outside of a blood bank. But that was yesterday. Today, I had a *mother lode* of books and tapes to hack through, and just when it was beginning to look like a solo job, the phone rang, shrill and impersonal, not at all resembling the voice on the other end when I picked it up. I heard my name uttered in the sort of tone (half-whisper, half-moan) you might expect, let's say, from an ex-torch singer who only does the occasional live number in front of the footlights, but still plays requests if you ask her nicely.

'Hello, Cathy. Missed me much?'

Yes, she had.

'What most?'

'Oh, your sheet music. What do *you* think?'

'My mind's gone blank.'

'Sounds like a job for Cathy's crayons. What are you reading up there on your highbrow mountain?'

Human Fruit

I glanced at the spine. '**Wits, Wenches & Wantons**,' I said, without wetting my lips once. 'It's got a subtitle too; London's low life in Covent Garden during the 18th century.'

'Mmmm. Low life? Tell me more.'

'Well, it was the place to go then if the harpsichord lessons were getting on your nerves. Human fruit, as opposed to vegetables, was on sale all night long. Street theatre was so wicked and suggestive it earned the nickname of "Grand Seraglio of the Nation" and notorious bawds such as Elizabeth Wisebourne hung out there in their Coffee-Houses and Bagnios, parading certain Toasts of the Town for . . .'

'Hold on. *Toasts*?'

'Yeah, Cathy. You brought me some, beautifully buttered, in bed in a dream.'

'Eat it all up, did you?'

'Didn't have time. You were painting your shoes red, and the heels were so high.'

'That's pretty dirty, James. Get back to the Toasts.'

So I did. I told her that, in those days, the price of a double bed was threepence. That a Toast was a girl in great popular demand, some of whom got sensible and married into the aristocracy, and some who got drunk, had evil tempers and used their vaginal muscles to scoop up the loose evening guineas. I told her Drury Lane was originally spelt 'drewerie' and meant 'a little lust', that the Rose Tavern was infamous for its 'Posture Molls' who specialized in striptease and flagellation, and that a fly-poster outside The Ship simply announced that: 'Persons of all Sexes are wedded and bedded at any hour of the Night or Day at small Expence and without a Licence.'

Cathy gave an audible sigh. My sharp little summary on vice had quickened the lady's pulse. Dr. Johnson would have used the word 'genteel', having been on the scene a lot longer.

'That's me you hear leaning on your doorbell, James.'

Decidedly Odd

Sure enough, I was still in the same century, perusing the decidedly odd autobiography of a Mrs Delarivier Manley, pieced together from existing fragments of her writings by Fidelis Morgan and called **A Woman Of No Character**, when Cathy pressed the bell. I threw down the house keys from my bedroom window.

There isn't much you could teach Cathy on how to make an entrance. She was wearing white mink, knee-length, and very little else. Dark seamed stockings with suspenders, she had. Knickers and bra, she had not. It wasn't a lilac affair by any means, but what the hell? To pick holes in an outfit like that, a man has to plead concussion or a fairly serious death wish.

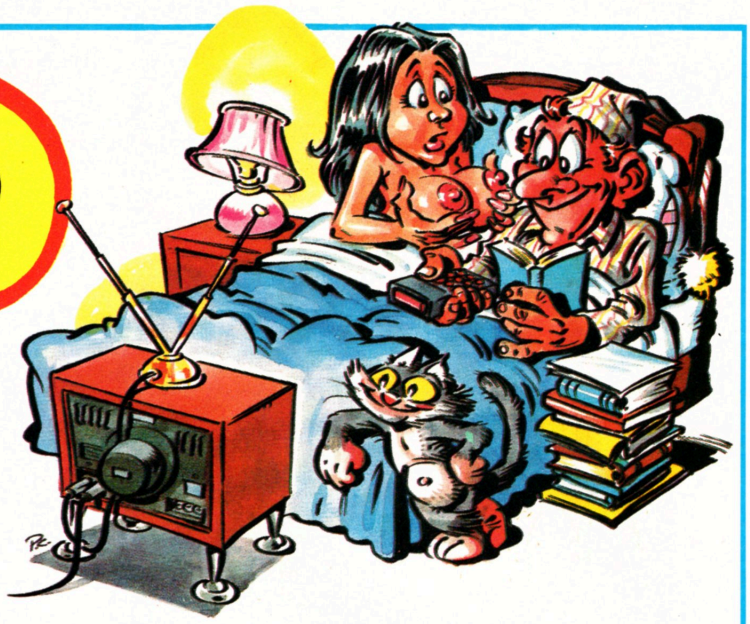
'On with the show,' she said, slipping into bed.

Scandalous

Mrs Manley interested me. To modern critical eyes, she epitomized low ideals, scandalous living, pornographic horrors, was comprehensively disgusting, and her prose was dull to the point of narcolepsy. Is it any wonder Morgan dropped her current project for a while to concentrate on this 'monster' who, it appears, worked with Jonathan Swift on *The Examiner*? Sir Winston Churchill dismissed her as typical of 'the lying inventions of a prurient and filthy underworld', but then you discover she bad-mouthed his heroic ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, for the sexual intrigues he engaged in for the purposes of social and political advancement. Men do not take kindly to such exposure, whoever they are.

She described herself as having the misfortune to be born 'with an indifferent beauty' and yet was the only person of her sex who knew

VIDEO



how to live. She revered honesty, loathed hypocrisy, and was merciless when she found examples of it. Cathy liked her wicked style so much, she kidnapped my copy for keeps.

Love, Sex & War arrived next, dwelling on the sexual aspects of World War Two. 'By most people's standards,' declared one American soldier, 'we were immoral, but we were young and could die tomorrow.' War acts as an aphrodisiac, seemingly. The mechanism of sexual suppression is operating at a lower level. Costello demonstrates this thesis through chapters on sexpionage, black propaganda, female enlistment in the WAC, marriage and VD statistics, birth rates, pin-up girls and a phrase, for instance, from a US Instruction Manual, saying: 'Your rifle, like your girlfriend, has habits for which you must allow.' This was war with the gloves off. Moral indignation was out of style. In 1945, German girls considered four cigarettes a good payment for all-night entertainment. A can of corned beef meant true love.

For something a lot sweeter, try **Candy**, the unexpurgated version, because yet another blue pencil job's gone to the wall. The tease-edition has made way for the intact adventures of that really wide-eyed Miss Christian. All that, and an introduction by the Sussex University Dean of English and American Studies. Call it a witty, female *Pilgrim's Progress*, and throw in a little Voltaire. The best description of Candy you'll get, besides the fact that she's blonde, is her similarity to a Valentine card, scented with lavender. Sweetness itself, the wettest dream you ever had.

Complications

'In other words,' said Cathy, 'she's anybody's.'

'If we had to have other words,' I said, 'those would do.'

From there to **Family Dancing**, or tales – as the cover informs you – of domestic fracture, 'laying bare the complications of passion, pain and evasion which twist the lives of its men, women and children.' Take them in order of appearance – homosexuality, cancer of the bowel, divorce, madness, adolescent melancholia, sexual alienation, radiation therapy, abandonment and emotional triangles. In fact, there are nine short stories, only it's the same one told over and over. 'I think we should stop pretending everything's normal when it isn't,' says one of Levitt's characters. It's the sort of book that, when you've put it down, makes you wonder why people ever bother to make relationships in the first place.

'He has psychiatric eyes,' said Cathy, studying the author's picture. 'And when I read something like that, I feel that someone is trying to remove the roof of my mouth with warm water and a sponge.'

Basically, that's why it was a relief to pick up **The Face On The Cutting-Room Floor**, part of Penguin's new Classic Crime collection, including Hammett's **Big Knock-over** and Berkeley's **Poisoned Chocolates Case**. I knew I was going to like this when I saw McCabe's warning to debutants in the libel business, and then even more when the author's asked to cut 'the other woman' out of a torrid threesome and make it a straight honeymoon for two. Everything's a deep mystery here; who's dead, who killed them, who wrote it and so on. Mix in some black coffee, tiger rags, Turkish cigarettes, women who go limp in your arms and the lyrics from St Louis Blues, then take it to bed with you like I did. They say crime's better in an armchair, but, believe me, the difference is minimal.

Then the screen lit up with a couple of westerns, one old, one new. I put the new one, **Silverado**, on first. Four gunfighters and a woman trying to settle down in a corrupt town. The dialogue is fast, but Cathy was voicing her objections.

'All westerns are identical,' she pointed out, 'the railroad, the cattle stampede, the shoot-out and what's the name of that place they're in now?'

'A saloon.'

'That's it. The saloon. The poker game has to be crooked too, right?'

I didn't argue with her. You might as well say the same about a glass of lemonade – or a session of sex, even. The first time you raise that glass to your lips or embark on the initial fuck, so many people have already beaten you to it. Ignore Cathy here. **Silverado** is great entertainment.

But let me tell you about **Johnny Guitar**, though, with Joan Crawford as Vienna – all in tight black, vivid red lipstick and a Colt 45 on her hips. 'Down there,' she tells the mob, 'I sell whisky and cards. All you can buy up these stairs is a bullet in the head. Now which do you want?' She *owns* the saloon and, yes, the railroad is coming through. She used to love the Guitar man. They've both done a lot of living, and their problem is how to do a little more. Oh, and there is a shoot-out, too, only it's between Crawford and another woman who hates her worse than any man. Frankly, it's one of the most sublime movies I've ever seen. Cathy wouldn't understand that and I don't suppose you will, either.

Then along comes Kelly le Brock to clear the air – long, dark hair, husky voice and a body that could only use the best lubricants to achieve such fluid movement. **Weird Science** is the film, and she pops into the picture, summoned by two spotty individuals on their personal computer. They've borrowed the notion of creating her from watching an old Frankenstein re-run on the TV. Immediately she takes a shower with them, while they get their clothes soaked and water trickles into their open mouths, 'If we're going to have any fun together,' she warns them, 'you guys better loosen up.'

Breakfast in Bed

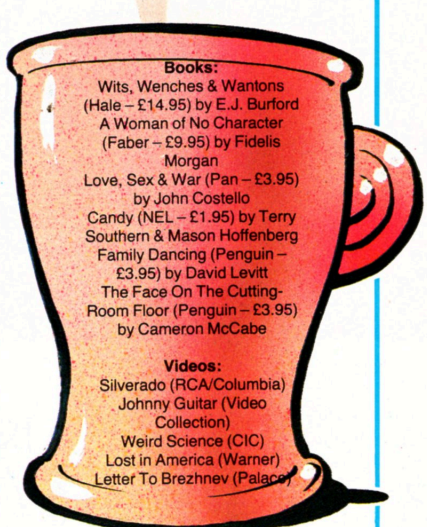
That's the plot, how she loosens them up. All the furniture gets sucked up the chimney, a Pershing missile arrives through the living-room carpet and a heavy motor cycle gang rips the rest of the place to shreds. Kelly le Brock does everything the boys say, and that was Cathy's cup of tea for sure. Another western, and we might have had tears or maybe a walkout.

I tested Cathy's restored good humour with what they call a 'down-to-earth' comedy, **Lost in America**. A man and his wife drop out of the high-rise, cut-throat advertising and fashion business in New York, buy a motorhome and head for Las Vegas for a brand new start. They have a nest egg amounting to something like 190,000 dollars, most of which the wife blows at the gambling tables in one hectic night while he's fast asleep. 'I'll make it up to you,' she tells him. 'I'll make you breakfast in bed for life.'

Always it's *Easy Rider* for the inspiration, but Albert Brooks has to be the *un*-easiest rider of them all. Briefly, they wind up in Arizona and take jobs as a crossing guard and a hot-dog assistant. Now I saw most of this, but midway through the giddy drama, Cathy got out her long red nails and ran them down my back till my hair stood on end. Maybe back-scratching doesn't sound very erotic, but one itch is much like another to a tired bedroom hack like me.

Before it got entirely out of hand, I placed the last of this month's cassettes in the hot, greedy mouth of my recorder. **Letter To Brezhnev** it was, and what a low-budget gem, too. Two Liverpool girls hook up with a couple of Russian sailors on 24 hours' shore leave. The dark one, Elaine, is a straight Kirby girl with a strong imagination, while the blonde, Theresa, likes to wake up with her knicker elastic around her head or her ankles, not fussy which. Their night on the town's a riot, only Elaine falls heavily for her star-pointing 'Communist aggressor', and wants to follow him past the Iron Curtain. All Theresa dreams about is drinking vodka, getting fucked and stuffing chickens.

It was so good, it almost made me forget about the toast, the lilac underwear, the mink coat, that deep voice and a soft squirt of perfume between a pair of breasts so perfectly shaped I know I'll never see their equal as long as I live. But when the titles went up, all of it came flooding back to me. ♣



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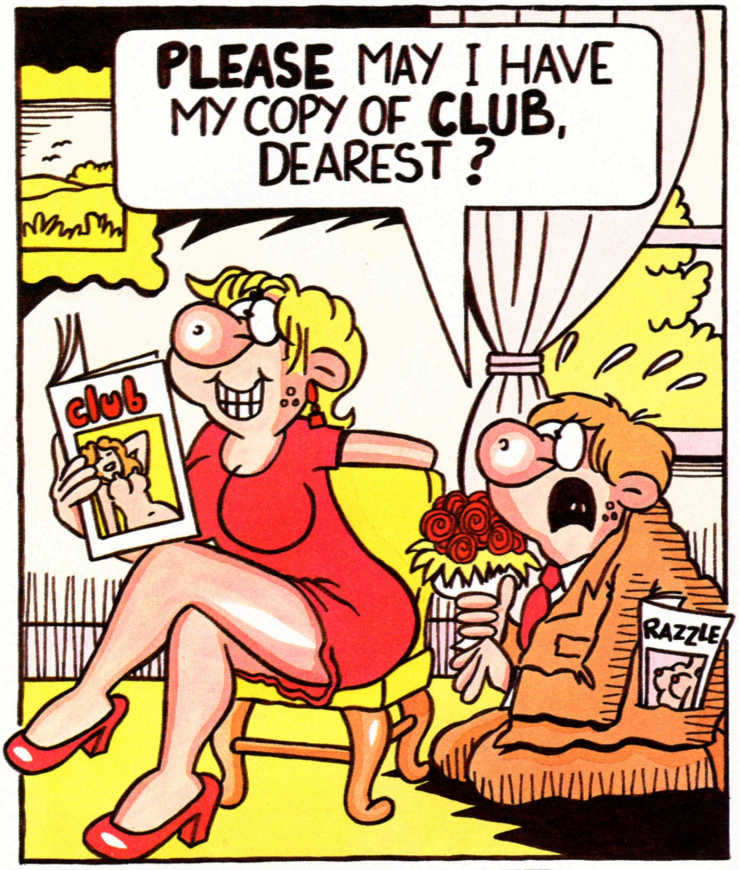

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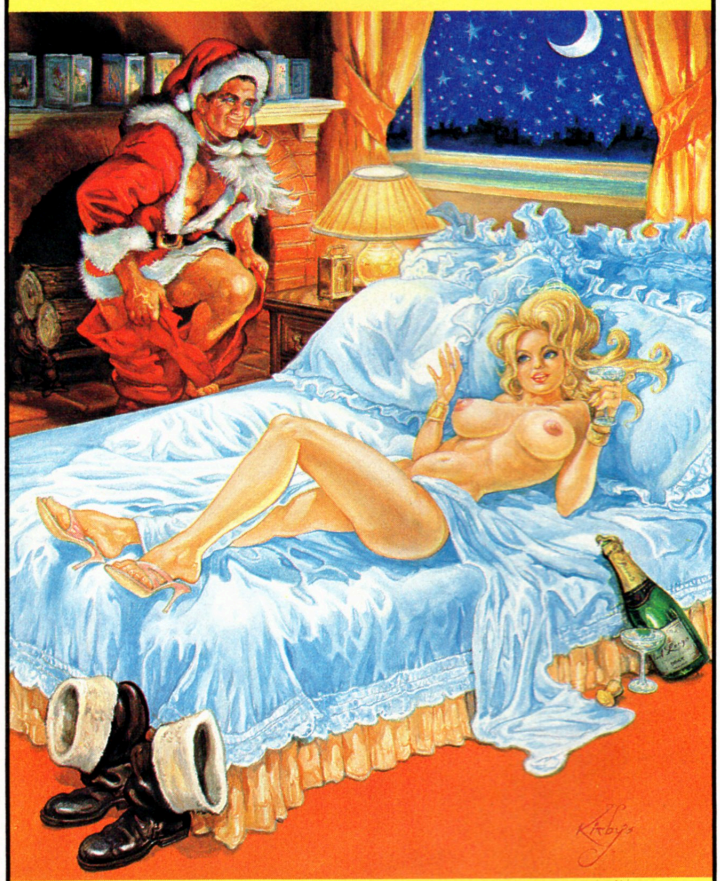

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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Claire, her targets set on the man of her dreams, doesn't miss her chance when it comes along . . .

I work very hard all the year to afford one luxury – a holiday abroad somewhere hot and exotic. This year I chose St Lucia. You can go topless on most of the beaches. The new fashion bikini bottoms have scarcely any material to cover even the pubic triangle of hair, so I don't know why they just don't declare them nudist beaches!

Anyway, I was lying topless under a huge beach umbrella on my first morning, sipping a long, delicious cocktail filled with passion fruit. I held a magazine in my hand but I wasn't really concentrating on it because over the top of my sunspecs I was watching the parade of beautiful men walking by.

Leather Thong

God, aren't bronzed bodies ten times sexier than white ones? One guy in particular had held my attention all morning. I'd noticed him first water-skiing, and when he swam back to shore and began walking out of the water I nearly choked on my drink! Each step revealed more and more tanned muscle until the final glory – a thin leather thong which did little to hide the huge packet it scarcely contained.

He plonked himself down next to this blonde who was sunning herself. My heart sank when I realized they must be together. Yet she didn't pay him much attention, other than to wave him away when he began to drip water on her.

I decided there and then that if she was going to pay him so little mind, then it was okay for me to try and grab a bit of that body for myself. So I kept tabs on him, just waiting for the right moment to make my move . . .

It worked out better than I'd hoped. Around lunchtime, people started leaving the beach to get out of the hot sun or to go in for lunch. I saw my guy saying a few words to the blonde, who shook her head and carried on sunbathing. Silly cow, she was bound to get burnt!

So Mr Delicious started strolling towards the hotel . . . and me! Just as he neared, I quickly got up and then pretended to swoon. Of course, strong arms reached out and grabbed me round the waist.

'Thanks,' I murmured against an oiled chest. 'It must've been too much sun and then jumping up so quickly.' I swayed again.

'Are you from this hotel?' he asked. I nodded and told him my room number, so he gallantly offered to help me back.

Well, you know how one thing leads to another. There we both were, practically naked. I could feel my size 38B breasts pressed against his thick, muscular frame as he led me to my room.

By the time I threw open the door, his swelling cock was leaving the confines of his skimpy thong. 'You'd better come in and cool off under my shower,' I suggested, my eyes rivetted around his pubic area. He didn't need a second invitation.

Locking my door, I began swaying my hips as I moved towards the bathroom. Throwing open the shower curtains, I walked into the cubicle and turned on the spray. I saw him hover out of the corner of my eye, so I untied the straps to my bikini bottoms to reveal my pubes.

Cascade

When he joined me, I swiftly undid his thong. I was dying to see what his penis looked like. And I wasn't disappointed when it popped out, stiff as a flagpole – and so long to boot. The shower cascade was making a massage on my back as I kneeled before him and took his long, hard and smooth cock into my mouth.

It tasted of sea water. I licked it clean, caressing his head with the very tip of my tongue and then running it along his shaft, up and down. I plunged his hard-on back into my mouth one final time before another warm spray of liquid, besides the shower, suddenly oozed from my lips as he came.

I had to turn him on again in order to satisfy my own ache. I began nibbling any bits of him I felt would be more sensitive and found spots behind his knees and on his shoulders. Just then his mouth plunged at my right tit again, sucking and stimulating.

We were a writhing mass of arms and legs and the water was cascading everywhere – the bathroom floor was like a paddling pool. But the sharp spray of the water felt good. I climbed on him, wrapping my legs tightly around his waist and hips. His strong arms lifted me upwards and suddenly his bulging piece burst into my cunny.

His hands supported my buttocks and then began to move me in a pulsating rhythm, grinding me in and out, up and down, faster and faster, pumping and heaving with each stroke.

My mouth found his, and my tongue made frantic journeys in and out of his mouth, coaxing his arousal further. I reached upwards for the shower rail to hold myself upright so his smooth and thick weapon could ram even further in. The

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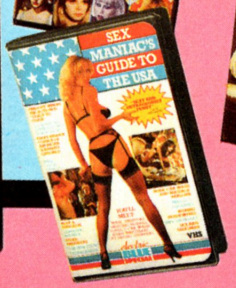

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next few seconds became a heaving, frantic, throbbing eternity until I finally let out a scream. And as I came, I felt his own sweet juice shooting deep inside me. And at the same time the shower rail was pulled off the wall.

We spent a final half hour tenderly caressing all the parts which just moments ago were frenzied. I rubbed a shower gel all over his magnificent physique, watching the soap suds form around the pubic region.

We soaped each other all over and stood locked together in an embrace as the cooling water rinsed us off.

'I must get back,' he finally breathed. 'Maggie'll be wondering where I've got to.'

Sodden Floor

'Oh yeah,' I murmured, 'the blonde.'

I unfolded myself from around him and watched as he towel-dried his hair and searched the sodden floor for his thong. At least on holiday you never have to explain about wet appearances.

He kissed each of my breasts in turn, and I sat in the shower watching him go.

But he was back later that night! 'Maggie's got sunburn. You should see her. She's red all over and she's got a raging headache,' he explained as I opened the door to let him quickly into my room.

'Fancy going down to the beach?' he suggested. My cunny still ached from that afternoon's session and there were bruises on my arms. So I agreed readily.

I commiserated with him about Maggie's sunstroke. 'What a terrible thing to happen on holiday!' I exclaimed.

'Yeah,' he agreed.

Then we grabbed each other's hands and sneaked off into the night. *Claire, Havant*

They say air travel is the most comfortable way to go. It certainly is when there's an air hostess like June to look after you . . .

I'm an air stewardess. There's always a lot of talk about us – our affairs with the pilots while travelling thousands of feet up in the air. But it's not true. At least, not all of it. I've only known one captain put his plane in auto-pilot in order to fuck his chief stewardess in the cockpit (appropriate word, that!).

Me? I stay away from those I work with. It's better to shag someone you're not likely to bump into again. So I stick to the passengers. But that's not always easy. The best time is when I'm on duty alone in the first class cabin and there's only one passenger – no one to witness us or walk in on us.

Take last Thursday. I was on the London to Dubai run, which takes something like eight hours. My one passenger was a middle-aged man in an expensive business suit. He had a thick head of hair, going slightly grey at the temples, just right for running my fingers through.

It didn't take me long to realize he had the hots for me. Well, you can always sense these things. We got to talking and joking about in sentences with double meanings and sly innuendos. Oh, yeah; he fancied me all right. But I didn't do anything about it until I'd finished serving him his dinner.

'The in-flight movie's *Rambo*,' I informed Mr Smith (as I'll call him!). 'If you'd rather not watch the film I'll settle you down for the night.'

He agreed with me that the film wasn't too hot and I began to fuss around, tilting back all three chairs in his row and pushing the armrests upwards. Soon, the seats looked more like a comfy single bed. Then I dimmed the lights in his compartment and pulled down all the window shutters. Now the scene was set.

I watched Smith recline back in his seat while I fetched him a large glass of brandy. As I handed it to him, I muttered something about the stifling air, which gave me an excuse to help him undo his tie. As my fingers fumbled with it, he caught my hands and pulled me down. Next thing, I was lying atop of him, legs akimbo.

He captured my mouth with his probing tongue and I could taste the brandy. Then I felt his hands exploring my bare flesh as his hands tore away at my shirt.

Crotchless

'Just a moment,' I breathed into his ear when his mouth released mine for a second. I got up, quickly undressed, flinging bits of my uniform everywhere. Smith was watching impatiently and his tongue drooled as I revealed more and more expanse of flesh.

Down to my crotchless, black lace briefs, I hurriedly helped him to get out of his expensive woollen suit. But when I came to his trousers, my hand encountered his hard, throbbing cock and I had difficulty undoing his flies. But at last I removed his underpants and his huge prick popped out.

Smith was in a hurry. I wanted to take my time, as I knew they'd still be serving the food in economy class and my colleagues would be busy for another hour. 'Hey, slow down,' I teased the man.

Just then he lunged at me and I fell on top of his naked form. The seats I'd adjusted made a soft bed, but Smith didn't even go into preliminaries. The guy was writhing and panting so fast that, before I knew it, he'd rammed his massive hard-on into my wet cunt.

I wanted to tease his body with my teeth and tantalize his balls with my fingers. But Smithy was out in front and heaving already. Before I had time to get into a steady rhythm he'd ground his cock into me.

Smith lay back, breathless – these expense account guys never have much stamina. But I wasn't going to let him get away scot-free. The throbbing between my legs still wasn't satisfied.

I coaxed him on to his back and kneeled above him. Bending my head, I caressed and licked his glans and my mouth took in more and more of his prick. I felt his cock begin to swell again. At the same time, my fingers massaged his balls.

'Follow me,' I told Smith, dragging his naked body up and leading him towards the plane's loo. I left the door open put down the toilet seat and made him sit on it, his legs outstretched in front. I then climbed on, lowering myself down and steadying my weight on the small sink. Slowly, inch by inch – that's how I wanted

FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

Starting Out — *Andrew and Jackie*

Andrew, a 22 year old computer engineer from Cornwall, found his job, though interesting, did not bring him into contact with women — indeed his life had become fairly monastic. Jackie, by her own admission on the other hand, had boys queueing to take her out. 'But they were either the wrong ones, they already had girlfriends, or they just mucked me around.' When Jackie's parents discovered she was contemplating joining Dateline they were pretty off-putting. 'What do you want to do that for? It's silly!' Undaunted, Jackie joined anyway! After a telephone call to introduce himself, Andrew said he would pick Jackie up from her home the following Sunday. 'Come in' invited Jackie, and proceeded to introduce him to her mother, her father (hiding in the front room behind a newspaper), her sister, her aunty, her two cousins, and the family dog! A thorough vetting! Within six weeks Andrew felt Jackie was a girl he could settle down with, but didn't voice his feelings for fear of frightening her off. He had also managed to conquer his loathing of discos to some extent, knowing that Jackie liked to dance. It was only fair after all — 'She had to put up with my collecting fossils and going out at night with my telescope to look at the stars!' However, they are now engaged. 'I know I'm young', said Jackie 'but Andrew is the one and I don't want to lose him, and my parents think he's the best thing since sliced bread.' For Andrew, the proof that joining Dateline is the best thing he's ever done, is simply 'Jackie, who is going to be my wife next year.'

New Beginnings — *Judith and Bob*

Long hours as a driver for a Duke and lack of opportunity to meet members of the opposite sex, meant that Bob, a 37 year old divorcee was pretty fed up with his social life. He decided to join Dateline, as he was pretty certain he wasn't going to have the luck to meet someone special any other way! The very first name on his list was that of Judith, a 35 year old medical secretary from Bury. He wrote to her, little expecting he was to meet someone absolutely right for him on the first attempt. But that was how it turned out! Judith had met about half a dozen men through Dateline before meeting Bob; no one special but 'all pleasant and at least not married, as most of the people I had been meeting before had been.' When she got Bob's letter she thought he sounded so very, very nice she couldn't wait to ring him. They liked each other straight away, and within three or four meetings realised they had something special. 'Basically Bob's kind,' explained Judith. 'We got on so well together, I like his children and get on well with his mother and family.' They plan to marry later this year. As Judith says 'It is wonderful. My life has changed so much.' A new job for Bob, a new home; and new beginnings for a very happy couple.

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Fourteen Years On — *Cindy and Tony*

Cindy and Tony met through Dateline way back in 1970 and have now celebrated fourteen years of 'computer matched marriage'. Cindy, at the time, was a 28 year old P.A. with a small son. She was fed up with 'getting involved with men I shouldn't'. Tony was a 33 year old electronics engineer who had just ended a close relationship and wanted to get back into the swing of things. When they met through Dateline they found they had so much in common, but although they saw each other for five months, they didn't really get close because of Tony's attachment to his former girlfriend. However, many months after they had separated, Tony wrote to Cindy asking to see her. She thought he 'had a cheek', but agreed to meet him, and within a few weeks they were in love. They married in 1972 and have never hidden that they met through Dateline. 'It may sound unromantic, but it is logical — and it works!' At least you know the people you meet are in the market for a relationship — and that you have things in common.' For Cindy and Tony joining Dateline was the recipe for 'love - the lasting kind.'

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his velvet bulge to enter me so I could feel it all penetrating into my hot vagina.

'You sit tight,' I murmured. Then using my arms as levers, I ground up and down, faster and faster. I must've been going at as many miles per hour as the 747. My stomach muscles suddenly tightened and I felt my legs go weak as my juices flowed and I came in mid-air.

Sexy Voice

As soon as Smith felt me come, his own cock burst forth with spunk. My crotchless knickers were soaking. Still panting, I took them off, then led Smith back to his seat. It didn't take him long to fall into a heavy sleep after he'd dressed.

I was tidying up in the kitchenette when someone grabbed my waist from behind and a sexy voice drooled: 'June, your passenger's asleep. Fancy a quick fuck?' And I turned to see Jeff, the chief steward.

'Not while I'm on duty,' I told him, unwrapping his arms from around my waist. As I watched him slink off, I wondered what he'd think if he knew I was standing there without any pants on under my uniform . . .

June, Slough

Sex-starved Mandy has more fulfilment in one night than she's had in her entire life. Mind you, there are plenty of willing helpers doing the fulfilling . . .

I'm a 27-year-old married woman with no children. My measurements are 37-22-34, and I'm five foot six. And I'd also like to confess that I hate wearing trousers, tights and long dresses – the main reason being I like to have freedom around my legs.

Francis, my husband, often goes abroad on business, which means he leaves me on my own for days, and sometimes even months, at a time. If I had a penny for every time he went away, I'd be a millionairess by now. With this going on, and Francis screwing me only whenever he felt like it (which was once in a blue moon), my desire grew hotter and hungrier. More often than not, I found myself in need of a good fuck.

When Francis went away last time, I decided enough was enough. 'I'll go out and find a man for myself,' I thought. So I went to a well-known pub – with a reputation second to none! – to fulfil my crazy plan.

As soon as I walked in, I noticed several men sitting at tables talking, smoking and drinking. I made straight for the bar, sat on a stool, and glanced around me as my short skirt naturally rose high above my knee. I crossed my legs, purposefully showing my thighs and fishnet stockings. I made sure the watching men were left in no doubt as to my intentions. I ordered a sherry, just as two of the men from the nearest table came over and sat on the stools either side of me.

Both looked to be in their early 40s, very stockily-built, and handsome with it. They gave me the old but familiar chat-up lines, and bought me another sherry. While the one on my right continued talking, the one on my left started to feel my stocking-clasped legs, running his hand up and down my knee. This gave me goosebumps. I simply smiled at him and said nothing.

They said about how I shouldn't be on my own, and asked me out for a meal. I agreed, and they whisked me off in their car.

After driving around for a short while, we arrived at this deserted industrial area. We got out of the car and they led me down a fully-lit alleyway. Ah, well – it wasn't a meal I had come for, anyway! We carried on walking until I heard a voice from the other end of the alley. 'Hello, there!' he called.

The man came out into the open, but he wasn't alone – I counted six others. I then realized I must have been followed from the pub. All the men were neatly dressed – but not for long. The two whom I'd come with asked me to lie down on the surprisingly warm ground and I willingly opened my legs. They took off my panties, slid my skirt around my waist and pulled off my jacket, blouse and bra. I was now showing everything I've got.

Writhing

The lead man took off his trousers and kneeled astride my head. He pushed his loins into my face. His cock was lowered down into my watering mouth: he was rock-hard, and his glans touched the tip of my throat.

'Suck me,' he groaned. As I did so, I felt a second man kneel between my spread, stockinged legs and cram his absolutely huge penis into my tiny hole. He caused me to moan as he stretched my innards.

I tightened my cunt walls around his thick cock every time he shafted me, and sucked harder on the one in my mouth. They then came – more or less at the same time – filling my writhing body with their hot, sticky seed. I gulped down what the first one had ejaculated, then another took his place. The cock was shorter, but its purpose was the same.

Like Jelly

Then yet another cock edged its way up my pussy. And each time his pelvis slammed into me, my thighs shook like jelly. That's when I convulsed in orgasm. Our three bodies ground together, stirring up more sexual desires within me. Black pubic hair lightly brushed against my nostrils, and my hands wandered over the buttocks of the stranger I was sucking off. I tickled his balls with my fingernails, and his jism jumped out and cascaded into my mouth. It shot down my throat with me not needing to swallow once.

The other guy pulled out of my fanny, turned me over so I was in the doggy position, and started to screw me from behind all in one movement. I was loving every moment of it. I like this position the best, because I am more comfortable and feel more open to their whims.

I let out a low groan as I pushed back to meet each of his wonderful, powerful thrusts. Then the stranger rammed his lovely weapon all the way in, and exploded his contents inside my aching cunt.

I was thoroughly enjoying this! I squirmed with delight as they thrust their solid inches up my poor, squelching pussy and my eager, spunk-dribbling mouth. They had me in every conceivable way they could.

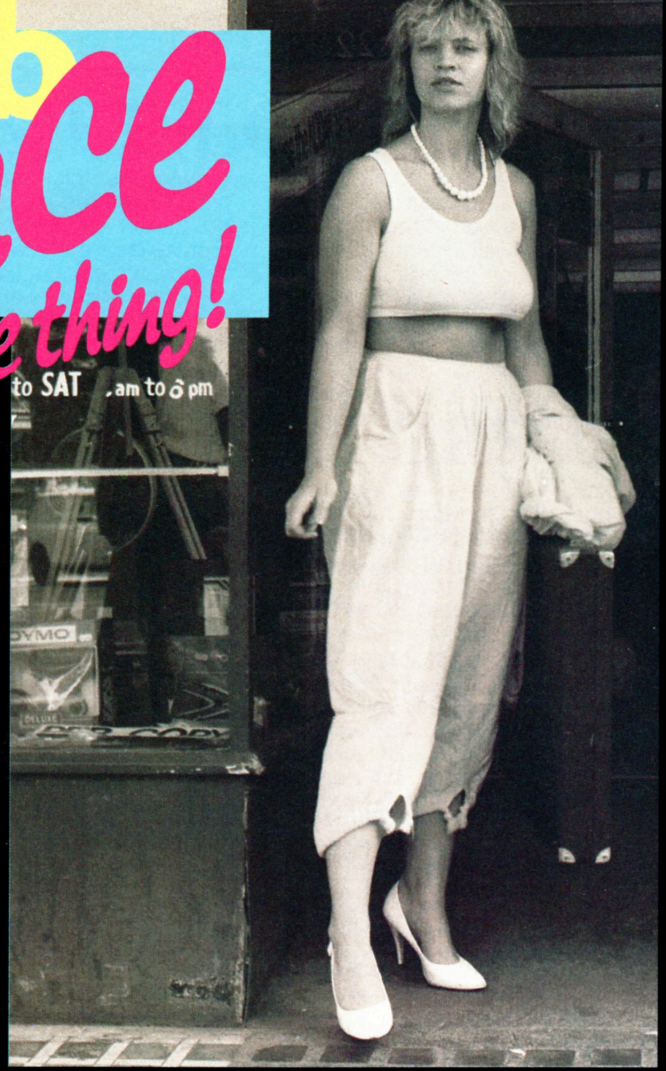
The whole episode lasted for well over an hour. By then, I was completely drained of energy. My cunt throbbed with all the hard screwing I had received – but I was still available for more. My aching jaw was plastered with dry sperm, and when the last one had erupted up my spunk-filled pussy, they helped me get cleaned up and dressed. They offered me a lift, which I refused, so they left me money for a taxi.

I caught what seemed to be the last taxi home, still delirious from my nocturnal adventures, and went straight to bed. I often think about going back to rekindle that wonderful evening whenever the need arises.

Mandy, Mansfield ♣

club Chance

would be a fine thing!



The banks may be stashing their cash in mountains and rubbing their hands with acquisitive glee these days – but that's because they probably don't realise they've lost one of their greatest assets – Linda. This lovely 21-year-old from Windsor used to work behind the counter in one of the big four – mega-exciting work such as changing £3.50 in Yugoslavian dinars or totting up the day's 22,000 five pence pieces from the amusement arcade down the road. What a waste of talent . . .

. . . Not to worry. By nature, Linda's an artistic type. For years, at home she's been scribbling and doodling on large paper, with enough now to compile a very creditable portfolio. She wants people to take her seriously, but things being what they are in this country, she's not going exactly wild with optimism. Sketching's one thing, selling's another.

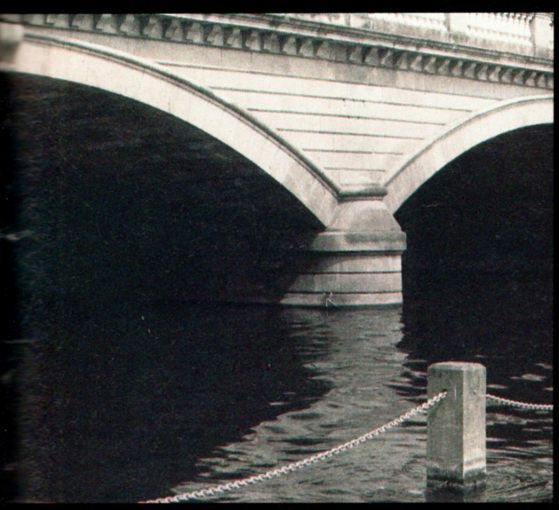
So Linda decided to take a chance. She's got a young girl's drive and she knows (from what people have told her, repeatedly) she has an edge when it comes to the competitive business of modelling (and looking at her, who can disagree? Come on now, be honest). It's a gamble for anyone, certainly. But in Linda's case, the cards have fallen right. One year after her initial decision, she's found herself in firm demand, enough so to feel confident in turning down some of the offers that have come her way.

Fortunately, Club wasn't one of the disappointed lot. In fact, Linda confessed at her photo session that Club was one of the magazines she wanted to appear in. Now, how could *we* disagree with that?

Her greatest love is driving her red XR2 down country roads, and she's a great keep-fit fanatic on top of that. Her long-term ambition, once she's got the capital together, is to run her very own health and fitness centre, as deep as possible into the countryside she knows and loves so much.

At Club, we're pretty sure Linda will achieve what she's set out to do. After a while, you develop an instinct about these things. Besides, that's the whole point about taking a chance, after all. And appearing in this Club Chance can't be anything but a help, can it?

Photographs by Ian Potter



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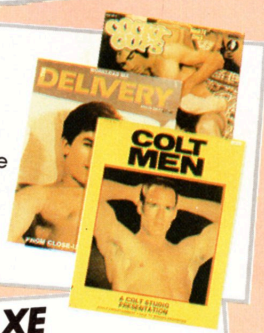

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continued from page 7

shooting my load in her face. It really is a great feeling being totally in control and giving Jenny orgasms by the dozen.

I'll have to finish this letter now, because I'll have to go and do some housework to cover up for Jenny!

Mark, Birmingham

Three of a Kind

Just recently, I came down to London as an escort for my wife, who was going into hospital for a heart operation.

I had loads of spare time during our two-week stay, and, being a country hick loose in London, I set about looking for nookie. And I found it in three different places.

The first was in Soho's Berwick Street, where I found a model who could easily grace your pages. She was the working man's fantasy – blonde, long legs, nice tits and a trimmed snatch. She took me into her basement room and slowly slipped out of her black camisole negligée.

After she'd helped me undress, she sank down on me – taking great care to suck me to full length. She then lay down on the bed, spread her legs over the end, and asked me to do the same to her. The trimmed pussy was a bit prickly on my face, but I enjoyed the feeling. I soon found the button I had been searching for with my tongue. That had her moaning and writhing around in pleasure.

Without losing momentum we moved on to the floor, where she sat on my face. She worked her pussy delightfully until she shook with the joys of orgasm.

She rolled over on to her back and I climbed on. I started off slowly, but she asked me to go faster and come inside her. That didn't take very long. Ecstasy! I didn't care about the consequences, but there was no need in any case: she was good and clean, and I've visited her many times since that first occasion. I can tell you about those some other time.

My second fuck in London came later on that afternoon, and was quite a surprise. After I'd been visiting the wife, one of the nurses caught up with me in the lift. We chatted, and when I told her I was going off for something to eat, she asked me round to her place for a bite (if you get my drift).

During the meal, she asked me if I was missing my wife. I played the 'lost sheep' role for all it was worth. From under the table, I felt a foot slowly rise up my leg. I opened my legs wider to accommodate it. Leaving what was still to be eaten, we adjourned to the couch for a session.

Underneath her uniform, she had on a see-through bra and pants set – I couldn't get my hands on her quick enough. We both stripped naked and embraced. She slipped into a 69 position and wanked me off over her tits, grasping my arse cheeks and pulling me closer to her as I came.

Although I hadn't come inside her then, she allowed me to later on. She also explained she'd looked in on my wife, and had felt sorry we were missing out on nookie. Hence the invite back to her place.

On to number three. The Saturday before we came home, I was out walking when I was caught in some heavy rain. I dived into a pub for cover and bought a pint. While there, I met, chatted up and went home with a lovely Canadian redhead. She had beautiful, sparkling eyes, and her tits were the fullest I've ever seen.

Back at her flat, Debbie helped me out of my wet clothes. She dried me off, and I started to remove her clothes. As I unhooked the strap of her bra – which had three hooks – I noticed it was a size 40DD. When she turned around, I peeled it off slowly, taking in every inch of those knockers. They bounced slightly and hung beautifully: there was hardly a hint of nipple, but her pink areolae complemented her red hair. When we were both naked, Debbie took me to her bedroom, where we explored each other fully.

I enjoy a good muff dive, and Debbie's muff was a pleasure to lick. She, too, liked to suck cock, and I was in heaven. I climbed on to her chest and stuck my cock between her tits – her favourite pastime. She squeezed them together while I had a good titty fuck.

I then turned her over and slipped into her from behind, where I was able to fuck her and rub those tits at the same time. I couldn't hold back any longer. I whipped out my cock and creamed all over Debbie's arse cheeks.

I fucked her twice more after that, both every bit as good as the first time.

After all that, I came home with my wife and settled down. Each time I fuck her now, I still think of Blondie, Nursie and Debbie, and the wife says I fuck better than ever. If only she knew.

Dee, Fife

Caroline's shower power delights Alan of Stafford

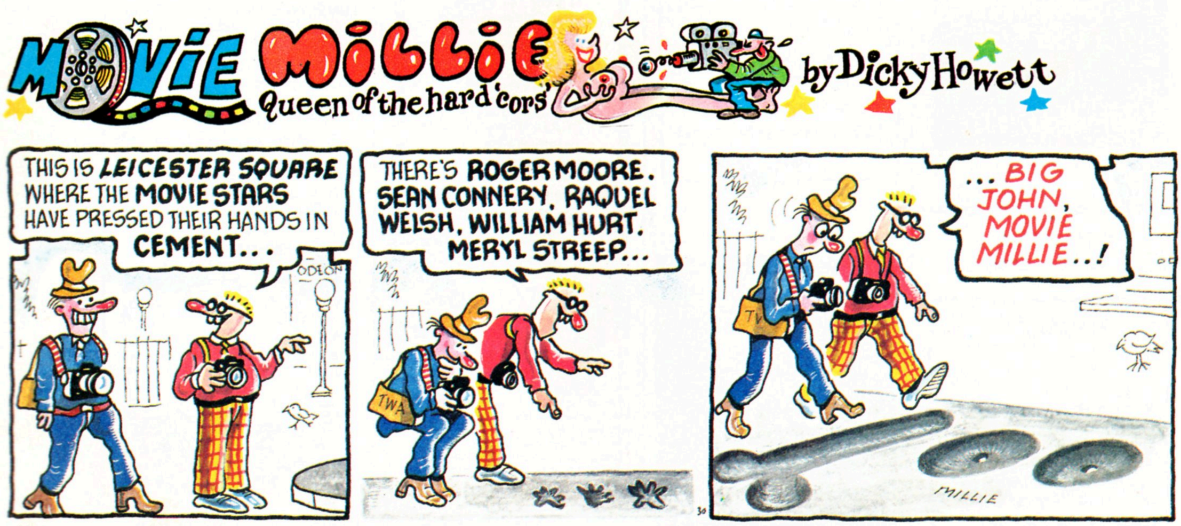
Sweet Caroline

Oh . . . honking sweet Methuselah! I just can't get her out of my mind; the thought of her is driving me crazy every night. I don't know how I get to sleep sometimes. Who am I talking about? CAROLINE CAROLINE CAROLINE, of course, from Vol 15 No 8. I mean, well, I always enjoy flicking through Club and eyeing all the nice women, but as I flicked unsuspectingly over from page 71 and caught sight of Caroline my heart did a double somersault.

That full-page picture was a masterpiece: her lovely grey eyes capture you straight away, and then the erotic tease of her sliding that black top up and off her breasts – it's too much for any young hot-blooded male. I'm not kidding you when I say I stared at that one page for at least ten minutes before daring to turn over. Oh . . . what a treat the following six pages were.

She's a perfect lady – beautiful slim hips, well-rounded breasts neither too flat nor too pendulous, and a lovely, inviting pink pussy peeping through a neat little bush of hair . . . It'd be superfluous of me to say what I'd like to do with Caroline – if I was on that sofa with her I'd be spunking so much I'd never stop, I don't think. The thought of sliding my rock-hard prick in there . . . it's too fantastic for mere words. Please, please, *please*, if you can manage it, let's see some more pictures.

Alan, Stafford



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NEW from Paris, Danielle, well built lovely French masseuse, Brook Street area, Call 01-629 7569.

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ATTRACTIVE baby-faced blonde Sue, 18-year masseuse. Tel 01 244 9017.

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CARIBBEAN gem offers a super relaxing body massage in W.2. Call Jeanie for an appointment. 01-636 7359.

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NOTICE

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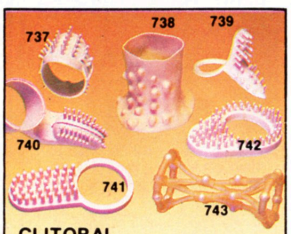

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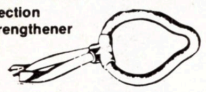

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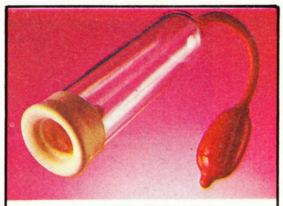

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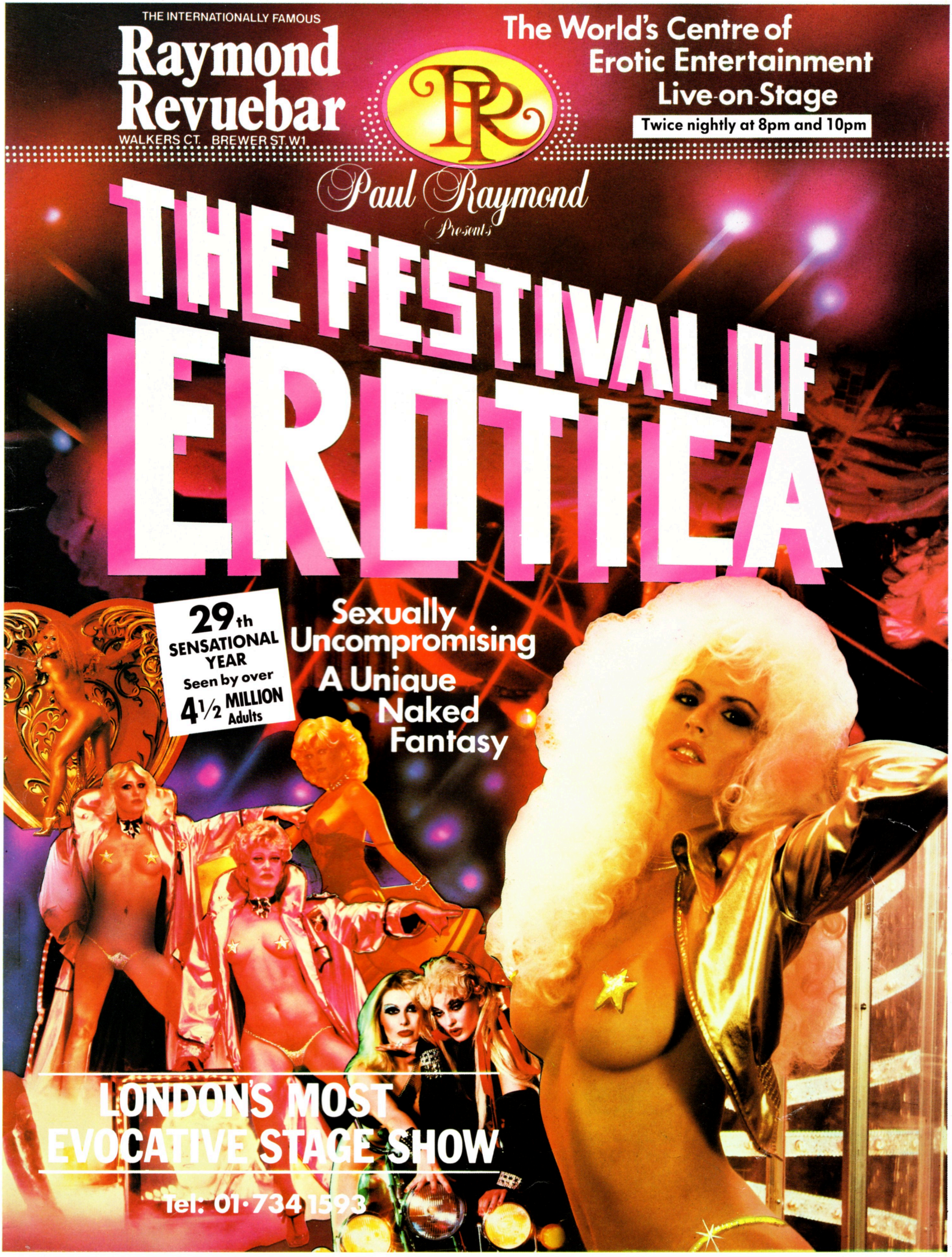
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